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# COMFORT

THE KEY TO A MILLION AND A QUARTER HOMES

*Devoted to Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.*

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## PRIZE STORIES.

The following conditions govern the awarding of cash prizes for Nutshell Stories, and the manuscripts of such writers only as have complied with all these requirements will receive consideration.

All the necessary particulars being here clearly set forth, it will be useless for anyone to seek further information or personal favors by addressing the editor, as such letters cannot be answered.

1. Only persons who are regular paid up yearly subscribers to "Comfort" and who send with every manuscript at least four yearly subscribers (together with 25 cents to pay for each subscriber so sent) may compete for the prizes.

2. All contributions must have the number of words they contain plainly noted thereon in addition to the writer's full name and address with nom de plume if desired; must be written on one side of the paper only, enclosed in the same envelope as the letter and remittance for new subscriptions, and addressed to EDITOR NUTSHELL STORY CLUB care of COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

3. All stories must be strictly original with the contributors, and must not have appeared in print before. Competitors may write upon any subject, whether based upon fact, fancy or fiction—of adventure, love, war, peace; of city or country life, or of experiences on land or sea—but no story must contain more than 2,000 or less than 1,000 words.

4. NO MANUSCRIPT WILL BE RETURNED UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES AND COMPETITORS SHOULD THEREFORE RETAIN A COPY OF WHAT THEY SEND.

5. From \$5 to \$20 will be paid for stories, and remittances will be sent by check as soon as awards have been made.

No premiums will be given for subscriptions sent in under the Short Story Prize offer.

The Publishers of "Comfort" reserve the right to purchase at their established rates any stories submitted under the foregoing offer, which failed to secure a prize.

Writers who hear nothing of their manuscript may at the end of 90 days after submitting them to "Comfort" feel at liberty to offer their stories for sale elsewhere.

## PRIZE WINNERS FOR FEBRUARY.

Holman F. Day, First Prize.  
Charles Edward Barns, Second Prize.  
Rodman Mills, Third Prize.  
Herman Gray, Fourth Prize.

## Cupid and Cap. Gregg.

Love's Wandering Astray, Being Episode Number 1.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY HOLMAN F. DAY.

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HE cook, the mate and the crew of the topmast schooner, *Susan P. Gregg*, Hobb's Harbor, Me., sat on the end of the scuttle butt mulling to himself. Occasionally he emitted a growl like a sleigh runner screaming over bare ground. Then he fell to muttering ominously once more. It was evident that the cook, etc., of the *Susan* was

not in an amiable mood.

The scene might have inspired more pleasant reflections. It was the sunset hour in the harbor at Newport, R. I. The blunt and weather-beaten bows of the *Susan* swayed up soggly to meet the gentle surge. She had been anchored well up the harbor. All about her lay the spick and span yachts. Among them the *Susan* looked like a charwoman promenading Broadway. The cook, hunching his knees up under him glanced discontentedly out over the seamed rail at the shapely beauties swimming near on the rose-tinted flood.

"This is a thund'r'n' nice place for us, now, hain't it?" he grumbled. "Here we are, lalligaggin' round here in this place lookin' like old Marm Jenkins would 'tendin' out on a Fifth Avenue weddin' reception. That's what ye git by shippin' with a soft old fool."

Just then a yacht's tender conveying a merry party of smartly dressed society folk slipped around the bows of the old hooker. Instinctively the cook drew together the edges of a rent in the knee of his trousers and hooked his elbow over the place to conceal the difficulty.

The young women in the party made laughing comment on the aspect of the old craft.

"That's jest it," grumbled the cook; "got to set here and have fun poked at us all because an old cook's gone to work and thinks he's got in love ag'in."

Seth got down off the scuttle butt and pulling a pin from the edge of his ragged vest "mollywhopped" the knee of his trousers together.

"I may be invited to a reception on one of them yachts there," he said to himself with grim satire, "so I might's well begin to slick up."

Seth was a tall young fellow just turned twenty. For several years he had sailed with the skipper of the *Susan* who needed only one man to assist him in managing the old craft. Cap. Skote Gregg was never in any great hurry. His father had owned the *Nusan* Gregg before him. The schooner had been left, even shares, to Skote and his sister July Ann, a spinster who still kept the old home treasures well scrubbed up. When he was on shore Cap. Gregg lived there for he was a bachelor still. The *Susan* was out of commission about half

the time because the skipper still kept up his farming operations on the home place. But he found it fairly profitable to make occasional trips to New York, carrying potatoes and apples down and bringing back general merchandise for the Hobb's Harbor folks.

Now it so happened a year before the time at which our log opens, the *Susan* through stress of weather had been obliged to wait at Newport until the skipper felt that the Cape Cod seas would be less spiteful in their cufing.

Cap. Gregg had a cousin who lived in Newport and who was meat-cutter in a market. He seized the opportunity to make a call at the cousin's house. He was cordially received and before he had related all the Hobb's Harbor news tea-time had arrived and he was invited to remain. He stayed and spent the evening and the night, to the consternation of Seth who imagined that the skipper had been garroted in some back alley.

The cousin wished to procure a fourth hand for a little game of pede after supper and so he summoned in their next neighbor. He explained to Cap. Skote before she came, that she was a widow and that her husband had left her five thousand dollars in life insurance.

"Be a good chance for you, hey, Cap?" joked the cousin, prodding the skipper in the ribs. "Be a mighty good chance if you wasn't hitched to Sophy the way you are."

Cap. Skote Gregg and Sophy Maxwell had been engaged to be married for nearly thirty years. But during the first fifteen years Sophy's mother had not been willing that the wedding should take place unless Cap. Gregg would agree to come and live with them. But the skipper on his part, was not willing to desert his own home. Then Sophy's mother died and her father was stricken with paralysis and it seemed to be her duty to stay with him until the end. Cap. Gregg was what the villagers called "slow motioned", and these setbacks to his matrimonial projects didn't worry him overmuch. He called on Sophy gravely, officially and regularly, and their engagement was one of the village land-marks. It became one of the things that the people dated from. The breaking of that engagement would have been as much of a local disaster as the carrying away of the Cow Nubble lighthouse.

Well, the widow came in on that evening that has been mentioned. Her name was Belle. She was slender and blonde and wistful. She wore a ribbon around her neck with the bow behind, and whenever one came near her he got a whiff of dainty perfume.

Cap. Gregg had never been in close proximity to a woman quite so charming as Belle. The women in Hobb's Harbor didn't wear those pretty crinkly shirt-waists. 'Twas either a calico gown or dress-up, formal black.

The Captain's wide-eyed and evident admiration seemed to attract the widow.

"It must be lovely to be a sea-captain and sail over the broad breast of the blue ocean away off to far lands," the widow said.

"Wal, the *Susan* coats altogether, mum," replied the captain, "but still it's scrumptious enough in fair weather. We kind of slop along and take our own time on a trip."

"I have read a lot of sea-novels," said the widow, "and I know the life on the water must be perfectly entrancing. If I were a man I'd be a sea-captain and plough the deep, yo-ho."

"I en'y it more'n I do farmin', myself," the skipper admitted. "The only thing is, a man gits lonesome, sort of, standin' there at the wheel all day and no one to talk to." He cast a languishing glance on the widow.

"How delightful it must be for a sea-captain to have his wife along with him," sighed the widow, so absorbed in contemplation that she "nigged" twice on a trump lead, to the disgust of the cousin. "She could read to him as he steered and the fresh breath of the sea would be an inspiration."

"Yas, that's so," agreed the skipper. He was carrying seventy-five bags of superphosphate on that trip and he wondered guiltily how the "fresh breath" of that would affect the widow. But then, he didn't always carry superphosphate.

The skipper insisted on walking home with the widow though the cousin's wife said with some asperity that it wasn't necessary, because Belle lived only next door. The cousin's wife evidently didn't like the nature of the soft glances that had been passing across the table during the evening.

"The cap'n acts disgraceful for an engaged man," she sniffed scornfully to her husband after the pair had departed.

"Oh, these sailors is jest a little flirty," said the cousin.

"Well, a man fifty years old hain't got no right to be flirty," snapped the wife.

On his next trip to New York Cap. Gregg remained three days at Newport going, and a week coming back. Ostensibly he was visiting his cousin for whom he seemed to have de-

veloped a sudden and consuming affection. But he was able to put in more or less time on the widow's piazza, next door.

When he went away the cousin's wife had a talk with him.

"Cap'n," said she, "have you and Sophy broke your engagement?"

"Wal—er—haw—no," stammered the skipper.

"Hain't plannin' to, are ye?" demanded the stern interrogator.

"Wal, the fact is, I hadn't thought much about it," said the skipper.

"The fact is," retorted the cousin's wife, "you can't break that engagement and be decent about it, and you know it."

"Engagements have been bruk'," suggested the captain.

"Not engagements like this one of yours," asserted the woman. "Now Sophy Maxwell is one of my best old-time friends and she and I were close as sisters when I lived in Hobb's Harbor. Belle is jest as good a friend to me now. I hain't goin' to see you break no hearts, Cap'n Skote Gregg. I know what these gay sailors be to trifle with affections of poor confidin' women. We're glad to have you call on us when you come this way but if I hear of your makin' up ag'in to the Widder Beals across there I'll write home to Sophy and tell her all about it and I'll write and tell your sister, too. And I shall tell your sister jest how much time you are wasting here on every v'yage. She owns ha'f that schooner."

Cap. Gregg ran a dry tongue over his lip. Then he started to say something, but he refrained. He knew his cousin's wife's vocal ability pretty well and he didn't care to engage in joint debate with her. Besides, if he provoked her she would write a story home that would turn the village upside down. First of all his spinster sister would scalp him—and he knew her temper. And everyone would take the side of Sophy and he would be an outcast. Yet he had to confess to himself that he did love the widow. She was so different from all the women he had ever met. He hadn't dared to say a word to her on the subject of love but he had looked love all the time and he had begun to believe that at last she took a little interest in him. A thrill ran through his breast every time he thought of that possibility. Just to think of having a woman like that to take back to Hobb's Harbor!

But with his cousin's wife's steely eye on him, he went away from Newport without daring to see the widow again.

Now that was four months before the above-mentioned evening when the cook, the mate and the crew of the *Susan* was sitting on the scuttle butt muttering his discontent. During those months the captain had made a noble try to root the memory of the widow from his heart. He had virtuously sailed past Newport on his way to New York. He had intended to keep straight back on his way to Maine. But that afternoon as the *Susan* swashed up the Sound the skipper's resolution suffered a slump. He then felt the need of someone to confide in. So he confided in Seth who sat near him on the rail.

"Sophy's a dretful good woman and all that, Seth," the skipper had concluded, "but when ye're in love you can't argue yourself out of it. I'm goin' to run into Newport. Now see here! I want ye to keep a still tongue in your head and I'll need you to help me. I know you've been shinin' up to the Sims girl there in the village. Now ye know I'm her guardeen. Do you love her, Seth?"

"You bet I do," replied the cook, the mate and the crew.

"Well, Seth, these fellows in love must stand together."

But Seth's face remained gloomy. Like any other inhabitant of Hobb's Harbor he looked on the breaking of the skipper's engagement to Sophy Maxwell as he would on the excision of one of the Ten Commandments from the decalogue. Further than that he had an idea that the captain was in the toils of a siren. Seth looked on all city women with suspicion. But above all, Seth realized that if the *Susan* put into Newport he would probably be left to kick his heels for a week—and he wanted to get back to the Sims girl. If the reader has been in love at twenty years of age he will understand what Seth's feelings were. But he didn't dare make protest to the skipper. The skipper had a temper when he was roiled.

So now at the sunset hour Seth was telling his sorrows to the sad sea waves. The skipper was down below primping up for a trip ashore.

After Seth had pinned up the tear in his trousers he tiptoed along and peered through the dingy window of the "house." "Look at the old fool!" he growled.

The skipper was standing before a cracked mirror with head thrown back and was trying to button a paper collar on to the neck band of his flannel shirt. "Look at the blamed dude!" growled Seth, grinding his teeth. "He's go-

in' on shore to have a good time and he don't give a tunket about me."

All about on the yachts was the ripple of gay laughter mingled with the chatter of voices. The old rhyme was ringing through Seth's brain:—

"And they've all got a mate but me!"

He looked down on the skipper with renewed venom. The latter finding the window obscured looked up. Seth was grimacing in his helpless rage but fortunately the window was too dirty for the skipper to distinguish that fact.

"Hey, Seth," he called, "come down here and black my shoes, will ye? I'm in a hurry."

Seth obeyed with new rancor in his heart. Beside being everything on the *Susan* except skipper he was now turned into a bootblack.

"Hain't ye got no other pair of trousers but them, Seth?" asked the skipper looking on the torn knee with great disfavor.

"Naw," Seth answered sullenly, rubbing away at the captain's boots.

The skipper reflected a minute. "Well, it will be dark, anyway," he said. "But ye don't look much like a cupid. Still, ye needn't go in."

"Go in where?" inquired Seth.

"Look here, bub," explained the skipper. "as I have told ye, Belle lives next door to my cousin's folks. Now I want you to do an errunt for me. You've got to go ashore along o' me and spy out to see if the coast is clear—see that the hain't none of my cousin's folks about where they can see me. If they do they'll be writin' down to Hobb's Harbor and then the kittle 'll bile over. Just knock on the widow's door and if ev'rythin's all right tell her I'm comin' in to make a call."

"Wal, I sha'n't do no sech thing," snapped Seth.

"Harh-h-h?" yelled the skipper.

"I hain't goin' to do no sech errunt."

"Look here! You goin' to mutiny on me? I'll iron ye."

"I shipped as cook and 'fore the mast," said Seth sullenly, "and I didn't sign to do no marriage brokerin' bus'ness."

"Then ye sha'n't call on the Sims girl no more," threatened the skipper.

Seth looked up at him surlily. "I'm her guardeen," continued the captain of the *Susan*, "and what I say goes."

"Jest the same, I hain't goin' to do it," declared Seth with great decision.

The skipper threw down the comb with which he was trailing the long wet locks up over his bald poll. He grabbed Seth by the arm. "Say ye won't ag'in," he snarled, "and I'll dress ye down with a rope's end!"

"If ye're goin' to abuse me I'll have ter go," half-blubbered Seth.

"Here," commanded Capt. Skote, "put a couple more pins in them pants and come help me lower the yawl. It don't make no difference how sociable we git, ye still want to remember that I'm the captain of the *Susan P. Gregg*. Do ye think ye've got that in your head now?"

Seth jerked his head without speaking and when the skipper motioned to the companion-way he stumbled up the narrow stairs ahead.

In silence he fumbled at the davit blocks where the yawl was suspended. Thus instantly was suppressed the only mutiny that ever occurred on board the *Susan P. Gregg*.

Five minutes later Seth was rowing the weatherbeaten yawl across the heaving breast of the harbor of Newport.

[EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the first episode in Capt. Skote Gregg's courtship career. In the March number of Comfort will be told the story of how Seth performed the duty of Love's ambassador.]

If you have been a regular reader of COMFORT you will no doubt desire to continue along for some time and as all expiring subscriptions will be removed we invite you to read the special subscription now 2 year (10c 6 months in advance), renewal offer and fill out blank before advance in price. If you are a new reader this is the best time to enter your name for a regular subscription or extension for 2 years while you can get it at the low rate of only 10c for six months paid in advance. Maj. Holman F. Day the writer of the above story, now a regular contributor to "COMFORT" is one of the brightest and most popular poets and story writers of the day.

## PROFITABLE Work

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## Cash Buyers for Farms

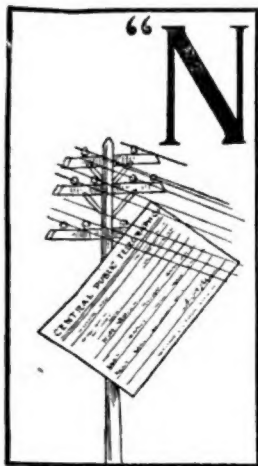
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## Caleb's Great "Scoop."

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY CHARLES EDWARD BARNES.

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graves hours and somewhat mitigate their asperity. I trust no apologies are necessary—

"None, unless you grow philosophic," remarked the Horse Editor of "The Woolgatherer," with soft sarcasm.

"Well, you know, 'Old Tim'—that's what we call the Manager-in-Chief,—came into the City room a couple of months ago and glanced over a bevy of reporters who sat there waiting for assignments. 'My private secretary is dead or married or something,' he explained sourly to me, 'and I want someone to fill his place.' Caleb Bemis, a raw young recruit from somewhere up in Vermont, sprang to his feet, and volunteered with such alacrity and afterward fulfilled the position with such efficiency that when the former Secretary returned, there was 'nothing doing,' as the boys say. Caleb was a fixture.

"It seems that Caleb was the town prodigy of Fairplains in the land of wooden nutmegs and maple sugar. He had taken the high school prize, and the Vermont town Macenas—you know there always is one—sent Caleb to some obscure college where he was graduated with all the honors they could afford to give any one man without going bankrupt. When Caleb returned to his native hamlet he was quite a hero, particularly as while at college he had written several 'pieces for the paper,' and everybody predicted a big future for him when he resolved to leave his native home and strike out for himself in the perilous waters of journalism.

"And when you get to New York, Caleb," said the editor of the 'Fairplains Weekly Budget,' 'if you will send me a weekly letter, anything from a column up, I'll send you two dollars. You know we can't pay so high as those city fellows, but we'll give you a heap sight more glory.' So Caleb spent one night every week perspiring over a yellow pad, penning the news of the great metropolis to the provincial Vermont town, and if the circulation was not increased thereby, at least there was no falling off, for the two dollars came with regularity. Then the private secretaryship to the Manager-in-Chief fell like a meteor upon Caleb out of a clear sky, and he grew ambitious.

"His letters now gathered a certain momentum with increased honors and responsibilities. The editor of the 'Budget' increased Caleb's stipend to three dollars per week, curtailing expenses somewhere else to make up for it, and never failed to stop dear old Mrs. Bemis on the street whenever he saw her, and congratulate her upon the brilliant promise of her only son, till at last the woman's head was quite turned with pride. But as 'pride goeth before a fall,' here is the story.

"You remember when the news was flashed over the wires on that dark Friday from the Exposition grounds at Buffalo, everything and everybody on the continent seemed paralyzed. Even 'Old Tim,' used as he was to receiving all sorts of surprises at any and every hour of the day, sat back in his chair perfectly flabbergasted, and for the first time in his life did nothing for thirty consecutive seconds but stare into space and think, his long claws clutching the dragon's-head arms of his chair. Beside him sat his faithful secretary, muttering to himself, as did a million other good Americans at that moment, 'What! The President shot? Impossible! It is a rumor—a practical joke—a lie!' But when the confirming tidings came in from every side and the great presses began to thunder out their 'extras,' Caleb turned his thoughts homeward. 'Caesar!' he exclaimed. 'What a beat for the 'Budget'! My home paper out on Saturday morning, and even now is 'making ready.' I'll wire the news on instantly.' So Caleb rushed to the telegraph room.

"The editor of the 'Fairplain Weekly Budget' was just in the act of blue-penciling the last opinion of 'Vox Populi' and 'Pro Bono Publico' preparatory to 'making up the forms' and going to press when the station agent, who was his own operator and messenger-boy, rushed in and laid the yellow envelope before the editor. Telegrams did not come so often to the 'Budget' office that they failed any

longer to give a thrill of misgiving; but when the old gentleman drew down his 'specks' from his grizzled forehead and read the damp scrawl, he simply sat back and groaned. 'Poor Caleb!' he murmured. 'He has gone stark raving mad. 'President shot,' indeed! What does he think I am? And such a brilliant young mind too. Dear, dear! I do hope no one will hear of this. I can't understand it. Either Caleb Bemis has gone crazy, or else he has gotten into bad company and taken to drink. At any rate, I must see his mother. Bless her heart! what a blow this will be to her. Seizing his battered tile, the editor and proprietor of the 'Budget' hurried out into the closing day and started up the hill to the Bemis cottage.

"The good mother saw the terrible look in her visitor's eyes, and the yellow sheet in his right hand gave her a sudden faintness. She met the bent figure and solemn countenance with blanched cheeks. 'What has happened to Caleb? Quick, tell me, Squire. Is he—is he—'

"No, Mrs. Bemis, not dead, only raving crazy—or perhaps worse—dead drunk. Read that!"

"The poor mother took the sheet, read it, then dropped into her armchair, sobbing. 'Oh, this is awful!' she wept. 'I knew that something would happen if Caleb went to that wicked city. Oh, why did he not stay here where he would be out of temptation? And he never drank a thing in his life before—I am sure of it. Oh, Squire, please be lenient with him. I'm sure it was only a little practical joke, or something like that. I'll write him to come home immediately and apologize. Shall I pay you for the message?'

"It was paid, Madam," said the Squire, as if this only confirmed the evidence of Caleb's tergiversity or insanity. 'I'll be easy with him, Madam, but this must not pass unnoticed. I shall refuse hereafter to publish your son's weekly effusions, and the three dollars per week will cease. That's all, Madam. Good evening!' And the Editor, with his duty done, sauntered back toward the office with his nose in the air, while poor weeping Maria Bemis sat down and poured forth her heart in a prayer of appeal to her son to account for his crazy telegram to the editor of the 'Budget,' and to come home before he had lapsed into such iniquities as would certainly bring him to hopeless ruin. This letter she despatched with her own hand.

"The next morning the townfolks of Fairplain read a paragraph which began:

"Our late young fellow townsman, Caleb Bemis, was always a practical joker, but it might be better for him if he left off boyish things now that he is a man. Practical jokes are sometimes very grave affairs, and involve people in serious difficulties. It is not our intention to be unduly hard on Caleb, but the gravity of the offence, even though it be his first since he has become a sojourner of the wicked city of New York, demands that, etc., etc."

"The Squire slept a little later than usual that morning, and was aroused from a nightmare in the full glare of day by his good wife who burst upon him like a thunderbolt. 'Richard, Richard!' she cried out, ramming her fingers into his ribs, 'do you know that Caleb Bemis's telegram was true? The President was shot at Buffalo yesterday afternoon, 'by a man' who concealed a revolver in a handkerchief,' just as he told it. Here is the Burlington Courier' extra. You may doubt Caleb or even me, but you never doubted the 'Courier,' in your life. There, read it! The whole town of Fairplain has turned into the streets. Come and see for yourself.'

"The old Squire had struggled up on his pillow, the very picture of a criminal reading his death-warrant. He scanned the flaming sheet before him, then flopped back moaning. 'My heavens! And here I missed the 'scoop' of my life. What shall I do, what shall I do?'

"Of course when Caleb received the copy of the 'Fairplain Weekly Budget' which did not contain his great 'beat,' but instead of which made an editorial at the 'scoop' that was all but mortal, Caleb was very angry; but his mother's letter—that made him simply furious. Nor did the special delivery letters which followed that day, one from the proud woman on the hilltop and the other from the Squire, in the least appease him. The Editor's missive was most abject, the more so in that the 'Budget' had lost the opportunity of fourfold its circulation at one bound. 'I shall come out editorially retracting my idiotic statement about practical jokes, Hiram,' the Squire's letter ran, 'and I shall continue your weekly letters at five dollars per, even if I must discharge the 'devil' and ink the forms myself to do it. And one thing more, Caleb, never, never again will I hesitate when you send me any communication, by telegraph or otherwise. I will print it in full on the front page in double-leaded black face, giving you all the glory,' etc., etc.

"But upon this letter Caleb gnashed his teeth. The one grand coup of his life had fizzled out like a bomb that fails to explode.

"But the worst was to come. Somehow in the office the story leaked out within a week, and 'Old Tim' the Manager-in-Chief got on the windward side. It was his turn now to be furious. 'See here, Caleb,' he said savagely as he came in after his chops and mug of musty

up at Peter's—that always puts him in a fighting mood,—'what do you think we pay seventy thousand dollars a month for cable and telegraph tolls from all over the world if it is to have our exclusive news stolen by trusted men inside the office and then peddled in the provinces? Your week is up today, sir. Leave the office and take a year's vacation at your own expense. When you come back perhaps you will know a good thing well enough to nurse it when you've got hold of it. That will do, sir. Good day!' And 'Old Tim' stalked out into the City room to look over the recruits for a new private secretary.

"Poor Caleb was in despair. He packed up his trumperies in awful silence and strode down the rear stair, mentally wishing that the 'Fairplain Weekly Budget,' together with its bungling editor was in the depths of Purgatory. With bowed head he passed into the street, wending slowly and sadly by a noisy telegraph office. At last he paused, for a furious desire to be avenged surged upon him. It was Friday—just one week from the 'scoop' that failed. There was a moment's hesitation, then he plunged in the heat of resolve. 'Print anything I write, eh, and 'in full on the front page in double-leaded black face,' eh? Well, let's see if he will print this!' And he sat down to the yellow pad and wrote:—

"Emperor William and Edward VII met on the field of honor at Homburg and settled their long feud for supremacy over England. Li Hung Chang and 'Oom Paul' were seconds, the weapons being automobiles driven at the rate of three miles a minute straight toward each other full head on by chauffeurs in full steel armor. His Majesty the King was killed outright and Emperor William, although badly mangled, was taken to England in Santo-Dumont's balloon and crowned King of England at Westminster Abbey. Great excitement. 89 words. Paid. RUSH!"

"The next day the 'Fairplain Weekly Budget' came out with the terrible tidings in full! A week later in consequence, it went into the hands of the sheriff.

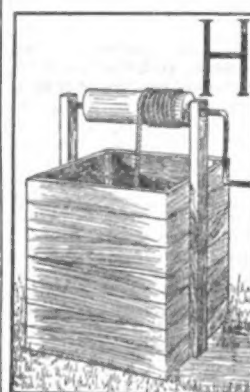
"And where is the brilliant Caleb?" queried the Horse Editor.

The narrator lighted a Perfecto. "Dunno," he answered gravely. "The last I heard of him, he was opening oysters in Washington market at forty cents a bushel."

## The Tragedy of Peterson's Well.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY RODMAN MILLS.

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His face was very pale as he rushed into the country store post-office and faced us who sat about the sheetiron stove talking horse and politics.

"Well, Tim, what's the matter?" queried one upon looking up and seeing that apparition of distress. There was a deep silence.

For some few seconds the man's lips moved without making a sound. Then at last he became articulate. "There are five men down in Peterson's well and we can't get them out. For God's sake, come and help—quick!"

Instantly the place was in confusion. Every man leaped to his feet and began scrambling over overturned chairs and trumperies. "Ropes—tackle—hurry, hurry!"

Within half a minute six men were hurrying down the village street at dead run, each carrying a coil of rope, a bunch of tackle or some sort of grappling hooks. Every man knew what it was to take his own life in his hands in emergency.

The Peterson well stood in the centre of a great space at the edge of the town, surrounded by four huge barns where fancy stock was kept—cattle that make Holbrook-on-the-Sound famous throughout the country. It was a very deep well, wide at the mouth and slightly tapering toward the bottom, after the manner of wells dug in the last century, and seemingly inexhaustible in supply. Unfortunately, however, the Peterson well had a habit of giving out about the time of the first frost, and it was the perilous task of someone to go below and give it a thorough cleaning to admit the inflow from the springs that fed it. It was said that within the century and a half of its existence more than one poor fellow had been seized and strangled in those black depths by the mysterious she-devil who was supposed to inhabit it, and the legends of the old well were so numerous and uncanny, and the place was regarded with such awe by the superstitious farm hands and others who watered the stock about its rockbound mouth, that few were found brave enough to approach it after nightfall. It was even related that when on a summer night a wayside tramp stopped at the well to quench his thirst, a frightful object rose full length out of the black depths, seized the stranger by the throat and threw him bodily down into the cavern, and that three farm hands heard the splash far below. Next

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Dr. Shoop, Box 304,  
Racine, Wis.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

morning the tramp was fished out, quite dead, and given a pauper burial.

But one thing was now certain: there were five men at the bottom of Peterson's well, and around the open maw there was half the village of Holbrook, running hither and thither like maniacs, hundreds to give orders and none to execute them. The village Solon was there, the oldest doctor and the youngest lawyer, the wag, the scapegoat and two ministers of the gospel. But whereas they all differed in ordinary life, they were intensely similar under this mighty stress of tragedy—alike staggered with the problem: how to get those men out of the well.

The five men were seated perfectly motionless in the mud far below, knees drawn up under their chins, heads thrown back, mouths agape and eyes wide open, looking straight up, unheeding of all cries and exhortations. In vain were ropes dangled before their very eyes and wild shouts from above ordered them to seize this succor and so be drawn up to safety. Then someone tied a hook to one of the ropes and set about angling for the unconscious men, catching the hook in their clothing, but except to rip off pieces of their clothing, nothing was accomplished. The village Solon in the meantime let down a lighted candle, but before it had gone twenty feet of the way, it flickered and died. "Carbonic acid gas," he said with quiet solemnity, and ordered someone to run and ring the fire alarm. How a fire engine could rescue five men from the bottom of a well did not appear plain to anyone within hearing, so nobody obeyed the order, although it was plain at least to the worthy gentleman himself that before it was safe for anyone to enter the well, it must first be pumped out of a gas heavier than air—which takes time. Meanwhile men die.

It was in the midst of this dilemma that a young man of five and twenty—a muscular, bronze type of youth who is ever at home in emergency on land and sea—tore through the solid ranks that encircled the well, his face gleaming with a certain resolution. He quietly threw off his coat and cap, drew up his sleeves till they exposed a rugged length of arm, and

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said, "Boys, if you will put that windlass back over the mouth of the well and let me down with it, I think I can bring them up. Will you let me try?"

But here the village patriarch interposed. "It is as much as your life is worth, Danny," he said.

"Do you think I'm afraid of the green devil down there?" he shot back ironically.

"No, but that well is filled with deadly gas. One breath and you are lost."

"Then I'll not breathe. Come on, boys. Give me a hand here."

Back over the mouth of the well the huge windlass was drawn, the sudden hero of the hour seized the end of the rope and wound it twice around him, then said quietly, "Remember, let me shoot clean to the bottom. There I'll seize one of the men, then haul away for dear life. Are you ready?"

There were one or two choking replies from the strong men at the windlass, then Dan Findlay swelled his lungs and exhaled five successive times, and with a final filling of fresh air, gave the signal and down he went like a shot, sixty-nine feet of rope reeling off as from a surveyor's tape. Some one leaned over the coping and cried, "He's gone! Haul away boys—quick, quick!" But the windlass was too slow, so the rope was started over the coping, seized by a hundred hands and run out through the crowd. It was a moment of horrible suspense, then a shout went up as the disheveled head of Danny Findlay popped up over the wooden wall. There in the giant arms was seen the limp form of one of the Hungarian workmen. That shout rumbled over the hills and was not lost till it rolled far out over the bay and even half way across the Sound to Connecticut. Eager hands seized both the rescued and the rescuer, bearing the former away for the doctors to work over.

Dan stood at the edge of the coping, panting furiously, trembling a little as a man might who has been lowered into the very jaws of death and been dragged out again, but he tightened the rope about his body again as he said, "You see, boys, it wasn't so hard after all. Now for the next man down there. Are you ready?"

Again there were murmurs of admonition, but they were fewer; and many, no longer able to stand the strain, turned away.

The next one of the martyrs came to the surface in the grip of the bronze arms with greater speed and fewer dangerous joltings on the way, for it was a bruising business at best. Dan was a trifle paler, perhaps, but success thus far whetted him only to surer action in behalf of the others that remained below. Another corps of doctors began working over the second victim on the floor of the near-by granary, and down went Dan for the third.

As he came to the air after that terrible journey this time, it was seen that the hero was somewhat weaker, although the shouts of acclaim that greeted him were enough to make any man's blood stir with delicious pride and confidence. Still no one offered to relieve him at the task, half in reluctance to take from the brave lad's honors, but more in fear of going down and never returning to the light of day again. So, with a dozen strong inflations, he seized the rope and gave the signal to let him drop. As he shot downward one of the men at the windlass caught the gleam of his eye and shuddered.

The signal from below was a long time coming, and the mighty men at the wheel looked into one another's drawn faces where the cold sweat had gathered, but they said nothing—only waited. At last it came, and the combined tug drew the rope taut. Away they started with the rope over their shoulders, but not a dozen feet had they gone when every man pitched forward on his face and the rope lay along the ground.

"My God!" cried one. "Danny has slipped through the rope!" Simultaneously the empty noose shot out of the well and a hundred souls stood transfixed with horror. Rescued and rescuer lay together far below in the embrace of the she-fiend of Peterson's well.

It was in the midst of this that Judie came. Now Judie Marr was the daughter of a fisherman who had found that his hut stood upon a desirable eminence, and with his little savings had built a small hotel there. It prospered and "Uncle" Dick Marr gave up the nets and clam-baskets for tavern life, which was more lucrative and easy, particularly as city people from New York way, distant not more than forty miles, liked the tang of "Uncle Dick's" musty ale and the flavor of his planked bluefish. But man of the sea he was, and all of his progeny thereafter, even to Judie, his only daughter, who took to water like a young seagull. She rowed and she sailed and she swam, happiest when the spray made her red cheeks glisten in the sunlight and the green weeds tangled her hair, and Danny Findlay was the only man she had ever loved or thought she ever could love until—well, until that swimming contest in which Judie competed with seven men, all expert swimmers at the Holbrook tournament, and thereby incurred the displeasure of her adorer who regarded manly sports like these quite unwomanly, however fair femininity might succeed in the contest.

The worst of it was that Judie was barred from the contest simply because she was a woman, and yet at the very moment of the pistol shot, bobbed her brown head out of the water in the very midst of the contestants like a mermaid. It made a great sensation, for where she came from or how she got there at the very critical moment nobody ever knew. She simply arose like Venus from the Cyprian wave, struck out a little in the lead and kept the pace for two miles, clean to the turning post and back again. Everybody was delighted, even old "Uncle Dick" Marr, who chuckled proudly and chaffed the champions unmercifully when the cup presentation took place. The winner among the men had taken the silver tankard, but Judie had taken the laurels, and everybody was delighted—except Danny Findlay. He was furious and made no secret of it.

Nobody overheard the quarrel which followed for the lovers had gone down on the open beach, where there were no eavesdroppers other than crawfish and two deaf clamdiggers up to their knees in mud half a mile away. But the consequences were seen to be irreparable, for Dan stuck close to his cooper's bench and played tattoos on the hoops from daybreak till dark, scarcely lifting his eyes save to eat and sleep, and the grass grew over the little by-path which he took twice daily through the meadow and up the bluff to the rear of "Uncle Dick's" hostelry that gleamed white and stately over the sea. But now a tragedy had brought Dan out of his sullen seclusion, and as it gathered at the old well nearly the entire populace for miles around, it also brought Judie.

Not but that if she had thought to encounter

Dan there that the mettlesome sprite would have kept aloof. But approaching the scene of disaster, her heart harrowed with these sights and sounds, she was well at the coping's side before she realized that it was not merely some foreign laborer in whom she had no interest who lay there in the clutch of the she-devil of Peterson's well, but the man to whom she had once sworn vows of constancy and love, and she could not forget it. Without a word, without a query in even so much as an eyegance, Judie leaped the coping, seized the end of the noose, threw it around her, and before any one realized was already letting herself down with the slack of the rope over the windlass.

There were wild shouts, but nothing availed. With jaws set and every sinew stiffened, she slid down like a sailor swinging from a yard-arm, and the people above only came to their senses when she had reached the bottom. There they saw her unbind herself, twisting the rope about Dan Findlay's form, then give the signal. Up flew the insensible body as if blown out of a cannon, and in a few seconds down came the dangling noose again.

"Save yourself, Judie! Quick, bind the rope around you. One breath and you are lost!" But the girl who had swam half way across Holbrook Bay under water and bobbed up serenely in the midst of a championship race, and won it too, was not to be dictated to. Around the body of the fifth victim the rope was drawn taut, and with the signal, up it shot like the other.

Meantime the seconds were reeling off and the fair face was purpling. It was but a few clock-ticks to the grave now, and she knew it. She seized the dangling noose in her weakening hand then looked up. Only one heard the faint query—"Danny—dead?" Then as the answer volleyed down in a chorus after a moment's explanation, "No, no, no!" the brave girl drew the loop about her and made fast with a sailor's knot, just as her knees sank beneath her and she pitched forward, fainting, suspended in the very maw of Death. Slowly, breathlessly lest the limp lithe form slip from the grip of the hemp, the little heroine was drawn to the surface, and simultaneously a score of hands seized the bedraggled skirts and clung for life. A moment later Judie lay calmly upon the grass, blinking into familiar and anxious faces that bent about her.

Two days later, a Sabbath afternoon, Dan and Judie were walking down the same beach that witnessed their recent quarrel, but they were in no mood for battle now. "Explain something to me," he said. "They tell me that while you were at the bottom of Peterson's well before you tied the rope around you, you asked if I were living or dead. Suppose they had told you that I was dead—what then?"

"I should have staid there," was the quiet answer, not without a tremor. Then after a pause. "You have not told me why you risked your life for them who were nothing to you, even when their own people dared not. Was it heroism?"

"People may call it heroism, but it wasn't. It was selfishness, wounded pride and all that sort of thing. I wanted to do one heroic deed and become a martyr to it—why? To make you see what you had lost in me. Do you know, when I went down for the last time and found that fifth man stone dead, of my own free will I opened my mouth, knowing that it meant death, sucked in the deadly draft and slipped from the noose. You see what madness will seize a man in a passion of jealousy and rage. And yet, if we are to believe history, men have done great deeds from just as unheroic motives—fought mighty battles and won through sheer coveting of death in wounded vanity. We are strange creatures in this world, are we not, dear?"

"And since our first quarrel has ended so famously for us all, we will not risk the outcome of a second, will we, Danny!"

But the reply was cut short by the shrill old fisherman's call down from the bluff above. "Ahoy, there—ahoy, there! Your tea is getting cold, my children!"



HE city of Guanajuato, in Mexico, is known in the native tongue as the "Hill of the Frogs," because in years past the Indians found there a large stone in the shape of a frog, which they worshipped. A stream flows from the city through the various silver mines on the slopes below, and all the refuse of the mines is emptied into the stream. On the valley below the hogs wallow in the muddy stream and are carefully washed by their owners once a week, for the sake of the silver in the mud that adheres to them. It is estimated that since the opening of these mines in 1548, millions of dollars worth of silver have been washed away by the summer freshets.

## Poor Little Willie

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After a while the room grew chilly  
Cause nobody wanted to poke poor Willie.



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### Miss Trundy—"Ha'nt."

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY HERMAN GRAY.

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'tain't any of her business anyway, as you might say."

"Er-r hum-m-m!" he bellowed very suddenly and Miss Trundy who had just passed him his cup of coffee peered at him over her spectacles in some surprise.

"Ain't ketchin' cold be ye, Squire?" she asked.

"No, been catchin' something else," the Squire blurted out. Then if it were possible for a blush to struggle through the tough and wrinkled skin of his cheek there certainly was a blush on the Squire's face. "That sounds sort of youngish and foolish for me to talk that way," he half apologized, "but it kind of slipped out. Fact is, Mari', I'm reckoning on gettin' married. There!"

There was a rather singular expression on Miss Trundy's face but she poured a cup of coffee for herself and said quite calmly, "I heard something about you showin' some attentions but I hain't skursely believed nothin' in it. I know that lawyers have lots of business to attend to for women folks and I reckoned prob'ly that the neighbors were makin' a great touse over nothin'." But of course now that you say so I sha'n't stand up any longer and contradict."

"No, we might's well own up, Mari' so long's it's a settled thing," assented the Squire cheerfully.

"She's Mis' Jetts?" half inquired, half asserted Miss Trundy.

"She's the one," he assented, slicing down through the flapjack tier.

"I've this to say of her," said Miss Trundy, "she's a real nice woman and stands well and I understand that Mister Jetts left some money. I hain't surprised at all that you should take to her. But ain't she a dote young for you, Squire—not that you're an old man—not real old. But I reckon Mis' Jetts can't be over thutty-five, eh?"

"Goin' on thutty-five," said the Squire. "But she hain't none of those highy-flighty widders and I had a good chance to watch her while I was settlin' up the estate. She tends to her own business and knows something. I didn't have to tease her any to marry me. She told me herself that all these young men wanted was a woman's money. She and I both think that we shall be perfectly comfortable."

"I hope so, Squire," returned Miss Trundy. "When will ye—when is—when had I better plan to pack up?" In spite of Miss Trundy's evident resolution to treat the matter in a business way her eyes grew dim with tears.

"I know just how you feel about leaving here," said the Squire, "and I wish it was so that you could stay. Mis' Jetts was tellin' me the other day that she thought a great deal of you and all that but she said that no house can have two mistresses and she knows you have been mistress here so long that you couldn't get used to havin' some one steppin' in over you. Besides, there'll only be the two of us and we prob'ly sha'n't keep help for a while for Mis' Jetts she likes housework."

"I know jest how she feels," Miss Trundy replied, "and any woman would be took the same way. I should myself. Course I expected to go. But you know when any one has been in a house so long as I have it's kind of pullin' to leave. Why, Squire, do you realize how many years I've been here doin' housework? I come two years after you were married, when I was sixteen!"

"I d'know what I'd done," said the Squire. "If I hadn't had ye to take hold and do after Mis' Todd died. Ye brought up the boys like a mother." He looked at her a moment with a twinkle in his eye. Then with his accustomed bluntness he said, "I really did think one of proposin' to ye, Mari'. But I couldn't forget Mis' Todd for a good many years and ther too ye always seemed more like a sister to me. Never could seem to think of you in a marryin' way."

"No, of course not," replied Miss Trundy with a little note of wistfulness in her voice. "Hired help ain't nothin' but hired help, no matter how much ye make of 'em. Ye have paid me good wages and have given me a good home and I hain't goin' to cry baby the least mite."

"I shall give ye five hundred dollars the day ye leave," said the Squire. "It's more than due you over and above your wages."

"I sha'n't take no such thing," protested Miss Trundy stoutly. "I have always been well paid, I've got enough to live on comfortably and I hain't got any one dependent on me. I don't need the money and I sha'n't take it."

The conclusion of this story will be found in our March issue. If you have been a regular reader of COMFORT you will no doubt desire to continue along for some time and all expiring subscriptions will be removed and invite you to read the special subscribe now 2 year (10c 6 months in advance), renewal offer and fill out blank before advance in price. If you are a new reader this is the best time to enter your name for a regular subscription or extension for 2 years while you can get it at the low rate of only 10c for six months paid in advance.

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Bowdoin Centre, Maine.

Yours very gratefully,  
MISS CARRIE C. ADAMS.

## The Sense of Direction in the Lower Animals.

BY PROF. JAMES WEIR, JR. M. D.



IT is a well-established fact that horses, cattle, dogs, cats, and others of the higher animals, possess the sense of direction in a marked degree, and can find their way home, from distant points, over roads utterly and entirely unfamiliar to them. The homing instinct of the carrier pigeon has been utilized for the transmission of messages, both in times of peace and in times of war. During the siege of Paris, the outside world got all its news from the beleaguered city through the agency of this novel postal service. There are many animals much lower in the scale of animal life which possess the sense of direction and are able to find their homes again, when transported into unfamiliar scenes and surroundings. These animals are able, also, to go to and from new feeding grounds, over comparatively unknown roads, with a degree of certainty that is very remarkable. This sense of direction has been noticed even in microscopic animals. I have seen certain whizopods, which had been driven away from their feeding-ground, a minute tuft of an alga, return to it again, after their enemy, a water-louse, had disappeared. This whizopod is a death-feigner. Whenever the water-louse comes near them they fold their little hair-like feet, feign death, and sink. As soon as the water-louse swims out of their neighborhood, the whizopods will swim back and resume feeding.

Snails possess this special sense and have given evidences of their knowledge of direction to several observers. My grounds are surrounded by a brick wall capped with slabs of brown sand-stone. Beneath the projecting edges of these stone blocks, many snails find secure and pleasant domiciles. In the afternoon of June 18th I took from beneath these stones eleven snails, marked their shells with white paint, and then set them free on the lawn fifty feet distant from the wall. On the morning of June 19th I found that two of these marked snails had returned to their homes beneath the stone slabs. On the morning of June 20th, six more of them had safely reached their homes. I am confident that the remaining three were destroyed by black birds which are inordinately fond of snails, and quite a number of which I noticed, in the afternoon of June 19th, feeding on the lawn. They mash the snail's shell with their powerful beaks, and then tear out the soft structures, and eagerly devour them. Darwin says in his *Descent of Man* p. 282: "These animals (snails), appear also susceptible of some degree of permanent attachment; an accurate observer, Mr. Lonsdale, informs me that he placed a pair of land-snails (*Helix pomatia*), one of which was weakly, into a small and ill-provided garden. After a time the strong and healthy individual dis-

appeared, and was traced by its track of slime over a wall into an adjoining well-stocked garden. Mr. Lonsdale concluded that it had deserted its sickly mate; but after an absence of twenty-four hours it returned, and apparently communicated the result of its successful exploration, for both then started along the same track, and disappeared over the wall." The healthy snail remembered where it had left its sickly mate, and knew how to find it again, after its journey of discovery.

The limpet has the homing instinct largely developed. Lieutenant Willoughby Markham R. N. told me, that on one occasion he had kept the same limpet under observation for several months, and that it always returned to the same hole in the rock, after its excursions in search of food. Another English scientist, Mr. J. Clarke Hawkshaw, is quoted by Romanes in *Animal Intelligence* p. 29 as follows: "A limpet had formed a clearing on a sea-weed covered block of chalk. In the midst of this clearing was a pedestal of flint rather more than one inch in diameter, standing up above the surface of the chalk, it projected so much that a tap from my hammer broke it off. On the top of the smooth fractured surface of this flint the occupant of the clearing had taken up its abode. The shell was closely adapted to the uneven surface, which it would only fit in one position. The cleared surface was in a hollow with several small natural cavities, where the limpet could have found a pit ready made to shelter in; yet it preferred, after each excursion, to climb up to the top of the flint, the most exposed point in all its domain."

Ants have the sense of direction and, consequently, the homing instinct, wonderfully developed. Sir John Lubbock successfully proved this fact in quite a number of interesting experiments. He accustomed some ants to go to and fro over a wooden bridge to some food. When they had got accustomed to the way, he watched until an ant was on the bridge and then turned the bridge around. The ant at once turned and proceeded in the direction she was going before the bridge was turned. On the 16th of July I killed a caterpillar and pinned it on a beech tree, on the opposite side of which was the entrance to the nest or colony of red ants. In about an hour's time the dead grub was discovered by an ant. She attempted to drag it away, but was prevented by the pin. She then raced into the nest, not before, however, I had gently marked her with a spot of white paint. I carefully traced her road home on the tree with a blue pencil. In a few moments she came out of the nest accompanied by six companions and went toward her quarry on the other side of the tree. She did not follow the route I had traced with the pencil, but chose one six or seven inches above the pencil mark, thus showing that she was not following the scent of her own footsteps, as some naturalists claim an ant does, when returning to her food supply. She remained at the head of her little company of fellow workers until they reached the dead larva. The ants soon discovered that the caterpillar was fixed in some way, so they took places at equal distances along its body, and proceeded to cut it up. As soon as a segment was divided and separated from the body, one or the other of the ants seized it and bore it away into the nest. In returning home they did not follow any particular route. On the 19th of July I tried the same experiment with the same re-

sult; the ant who discovered the grub and went to the nest for assistance, returning over a new route, this time below the pencil tracing of her road when she went to the nest to convey information of her find. On July 20th I marked ten black ants with white paint and set them free one hundred yards from their nest. This nest was beneath a brick pavement, which leads from my front door to the entrance-gate, and which is just three hundred feet long. The ants were set free at 4.30 P. M. at the front entrance to the pavement, and all but two of them had returned to the nest, at the other extremity of the pavement, by 6 P. M. The two remaining ants had not arrived at the nest by 6.30 P. M., nor could I find them anywhere on the pavement. On July 21st I marked fifteen ants and set them free in the grass sixty feet from the nest. This was at 4 P. M. At 6 P. M. the first marked ant came back to the nest; at 6.20 the second ant came back; at 6.45 two ants came back; at 6.50 two ants arrived; at 7.15 one ant arrived; at 7.20 one ant arrived.

I then discontinued my watch. Ants, as well as many other insects, are thoroughly familiar with objects immediately surrounding their dwelling places. I am convinced, that all animals which have sight, use their eyes in finding their way back to their homes. One can tell, when an ant is nearing its nest, by its actions; there is no deviation from a straight line when it comes in sight of familiar landmarks. Ants use sight to assist their sense of direction, and I have repeatedly seen them climb to the tops of small blades of grass, for no other purpose than to take observations. In another paper on "The Senses in the Lower Animals" I have stated, that the range of an ant's vision does not exceed twelve or fourteen inches. Some of my recent experiments lead me to correct this statement, for some species of ants have a visual range of at least twenty-four inches. The praying mantis is an insectivorous insect, and its favorite food is the ant. I placed a mantis on a table and then set free an ant on the same table at some distance from it, probably three feet. The ant ran rapidly in the direction of the mantis until within two feet of it. She then caught sight of her enemy, and suddenly crouched down on the table. She remained a second immovable, then, in panic terror, turned and fled in an opposite direction. I performed the experiment eleven times with the common large red ant. In every instance the ant was able to see her enemy at a distance of from twenty to twenty-five inches.

The range of vision in some spiders is much greater than has been taught before. Especially is this true in the case of the hunting-spiders. These spiders spin no trap-webs, and secure their food by creeping up, unawares, and springing on their victims before they can escape. I have repeatedly seen these spiders stalking flies at the measured distance of two and even three feet. A large hunting-spider dwelt, for some time, beneath a table in my bedroom. After several weeks' acquaintance, she became quite tame, and would take a fly from between my thumb and fore finger. She would come out on the table whenever I would enter the room, evidently expecting to be fed. On one occasion I slipped into the room without her perceiving my entrance. I had tied a fly to the end of a thread, the other end being fastened to a cone. I crouched behind a chair and hung the fly over the surface of the table, op-

posite to, and three feet from, her den. I then struck the table. She came out at once, and immediately began to stalk the fly. This experiment showed conclusively that the spider, at least, could see a fly at the distance of three feet.

Bees, also, possess the sense of direction in a marked degree. The following experiments were performed some years ago, by me, with some Italian bees taken from the apiary of Mr. Stone. Twenty bees were marked with white paint, and carried, in a closed box, three miles from their hive, (a measured distance from point to point of 2576 yards.) They were then set free. This was at 11.30 A. M. The first bee came back to the hive at 12.30 P. M.; three bees came back at 12.35; two bees came back at 12.37; two bees came back at 12.40; one bee came back at 1.35; three bees came back at 1.40; one bee came back at 2.15; one bee came back at 3.25. A watch was kept until 6 P. M., but no other marked bees came in. A week after this experiment, I took twenty bees and blinded them by painting their eyes with a mixture of gum-arabic and white lead. These bees were taken to the same point as in the first experiment, and then set free. Not one of them ever came back to the hive. From the result of this experiment, I am convinced, that sight is a necessary adjunct to the special sense of direction, in all animals that possess image-producing eyes.

## Bears.



MAN KIND has ever been afraid of a bear, and that animal has ever been the worst "bugaboo" children have feared. Do you know what variety of the many kinds of bears is the biggest in the world?

The great Kadiak bear has become famous during the past few years, as not only the biggest of all the bear family, but the largest carnivorous animal now in the world. Last year the Smithsonian Institution offered a reward of \$50 for every cub bear of this species turned over to its agents, while the officials of the New York institution made an offer of two hundred and fifty dollars for each cub. This year, it is understood, an increase has been made in the case of each bonus and notices of the reward are being posted along the Alaskan coast and on Kadiak Island. This is because it is feared that the fate of the buffalo will overtake these monster Alaskan animals and the species will be exterminated.

It is hoped that the close of the present year will place naturalists in possession of the long sought definite information regarding the giants of the animal world. Three expeditions are now under way or planned with this object in view, and the wealthy men who are behind each project are displaying something of the enthusiasm which actuates the "backers" of Arctic expeditions.

In contrast to this giant is the St. Elias bear, the smallest bear in the world. This latter animal, which derives its name from the famous Alaskan peak, is little larger than a sheep and not only is there no specimen in captivity, but

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24).



## Men, Women and Things.

CONDUCTED BY JENNIE MELVENE DAVIS.



John Oliver Hobbs is a name known and famed upon two continents. In private life the lady is Mrs. Craigie, the wife of Reginald Walpole Craigie. She married at the early age of nineteen, but the union proving unhappy, Mrs. Craigie procured a divorce about six years ago. She has become so thoroughly identified with English life that many people forget that this brilliantly gifted woman is an American. Her grandfather was a New York clergyman, while her father, who was John Morgan Richards, was a resident of Boston where Mrs. Craigie was born a little more than thirty years ago. Mrs. Craigie had a cosmopolitan sort of education, but it was very thorough so that the light and sparkle of her writing is but the gleam upon very solid scholastic attainments. Mrs. Craigie's first book, *Some Emotions and a Moral*, was published in 1891 and attracted immediate and general attention. Serious problems of life are treated in a sketchy and conversational manner while the book is stuck full of epigrams. Many novels followed this first one. Their titles are cumbersome but curiously distinctive, as witness: *A Study in Temptations*, *Journeys End in Lovers' Meetings*, and *The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham*. Mrs. Craigie has had success as a playwright. "The Ambassadors" is her most successful dramatic venture, and was first presented in 1898. Previous to this a one act play of hers had been presented by Miss Ellen Terry. Mrs. Craigie's latest book, *The Serious Wooing*, which deals in a characteristically "advanced" manner with the marriage and divorce problem.

Signor Guglielmo Marconi has suddenly become one of the most famous men in the world through his undoubted success in transmitting a message across the Atlantic without wires. The cable company at St. John, Newfoundland, showed that they realized what his accomplishment meant to the entire telegraphic systems of the world when they endeavored to get an injunction forbidding further experiments on the ground that it invaded their rights. Signor Marconi's station was erected on Signal Hill at the entrance to the harbor of St. John. The other end of the "line" is in Cornwall, 1800 miles distant. Here at Poldhu he has a most powerful electric station. A kite attached to a wire was elevated at certain hours agreed upon and again and again the letter "S" was spelled out by three quick dots or strokes. If the system is perfected it means that ships in passage may receive messages at any time as they now do when within a few miles of land. This has been done so often and so successfully that it has ceased to excite comment but it was hardly thought possible to annihilate space and distance and reach the Old World as Marconi has done. Signor Marconi says that the theory of electric waves as demonstrated by Hertz is the basis of his work. The electric vein passes through any solid substance like a wave or rock and fog does not interfere in the least. Many messages may be sent in different directions at the same time. Signor Marconi was born near Bologna, Italy, in 1874. When he was but twenty-two years of age he came into prominence and even before this time he had demonstrated in Italy that by means of the Hertzian waves, wires could be dispensed with. In spite of his success however his experiments attracted little attention in Italy and it was not until he went to England in 1896 that he received proper and adequate financial support. Since then his work in England and America has had scientific and financial backing and he has at last solved one of the greatest possibilities of electricity.

Captain George Wellington Streeter, Delegate from the District of Lake Michigan is a most unique and interesting personality. Both the Captain and his district have a strange history. On the north shore of the Chicago lake front

is about two hundred acres that has been filled in partly by deposits of sand from the lake and partly by land owners. The property is now valued at about \$10,000,000 and the title to the land is in litigation, being claimed by the riparian owners, the State of Illinois, the Lincoln Park commissioners, some private citizens and also by Capt. Streeter and his friends. Many years ago, Captain Streeter was shipwrecked on the tiny little spot of land that was just appearing above the surface of the lake. He claimed the island as newly discovered territory and for many years he lived there in the hull of his ship hoping to secure the property by squatter's right. The island eventually became united with the main land and Streeter was ousted by the riparian owners. Since then he has annually descended upon the disputed lands, at times with an armed force that has called out the police reserve of the entire city. He has been again and again before the courts as a disturber of the peace but has always managed to escape without punishment. Captain Streeter claims that the greater portion of the land is outside of the state line of Illinois. The inhabitants of the land side with Streeter. They declared the land a separate territory as the District of Lake Michigan and after formally declaring it annexed to the United States elected Captain Streeter as delegate to Congress. He visited Washington and declared that he had assurances that he would be allowed to take his seat in Congress. At present he has "squatted" upon the disputed territory in a couple of old furniture vans where with his wife Maria he is at home to all his friends and also his enemies. His wife claims as her relatives many influential people among whom is the Princess de Chimay whose elopement with a gypsy fiddler made her notorious. Captain Streeter has much solid backing in his lawsuit and will be either a millionaire or a pauper.



"By his genius, benefactor of the city and conservator of public property," is the inscription on the medal that the New York Chamber of Commerce presented to the Hon. Abram Hewitt. Mr. Hewitt by many is called the First Citizen of New York. He has earned this honor by a long and honorable devotion of more than sixty years to all that makes for higher ideals of citizenship and for the public that should work for the general good. Mr. Hewitt has filled many public positions and always to the betterment of the service and the enlarging of the possibilities of the position. His public service has not been confined to the time when he has been in office. Whenever any civic, educational or philanthropic work has required intelligent direction, sympathy or funds, Mr. Hewitt has given freely and generously of time, thought and money while the influence that his support gave has brought these in unstinted measure from others who needed but Mr. Hewitt's endorsement to be assured that the object was worthy. Few men of Mr. Hewitt's wealth or of his vast business interest have either time or inclination for public service and his example is a rebuke to all and every form of civic indifference.

The captain of the United States training ship *Lancaster* is Captain George P. Colvocores, a most popular official. His Greek name recalls the interesting life story of the father of the captain. Many years ago an American cruiser sent a boat ashore to the Greek coast near a town that had been sacked by Turks. In a small hut near the burned village they discovered two survivors of the massacre in the shape of two children who were carefully wrapped up. One of them wore garments of fine quality and upon them was embroidered the name "Colvocores". The children were brought to America and the aristocratic little Greek was adopted by the captain of the cruiser and taken to Vermont. Every effort was made by the child's foster parents to discover his friends or relatives but without success. He entered the navy and rose to the rank of captain. He married a Vermont girl. His record reads "George P. Colvocores, born in Greece, appointed from Vermont February 21, 1832." In 1872 he died, after forty years of faithful service to the coun-

try which had adopted him. His son was named after his father and like him became a captain in the United States Navy. He was assigned to the *Lancaster* upon his graduation from Annapolis in 1869. Since then he has held many responsible positions and at last returns to the *Lancaster* as its commanding officer.

The name of Madame Tsilka has become a familiar term through the interest in the capture and ransom of Miss Stone, the missionary. The details of the life of her companion in bondage, Madame Tsilka, are most interesting. She is the wife of a Bulgarian although a Macedonian by birth. Her full life story would make a highly thrilling sensational novel. Her father was a Greek priest in a little village of Macedonia but was an unusually intelligent man. In the next village was a school taught by a teacher who had been trained in one of the American missions. Girls as well as boys were admitted to the school but all members of the established Greek church were forbidden to send their children to this school therefore the father of little Katherine as a priest was doubly obligated not to seek admission to the school for his little girl. Alone she sought the school and stood outside until the teacher asked her to enter. Her father was alarmed both for her safety and his own when he learned that she was a student at the foreign school, but with rare firmness the child of eight declared she should die unless allowed to continue at the school. For five years she studied and then at the age of thirteen her father arranged a marriage for her. She had not been consulted as to her choice as this was not the custom but much to her parents' surprise the bride was found to be missing. When her hiding place was revealed, it was found that she refused the marriage with the same firmness with which as a child of eight she had refused to give up attending school. Her parents yielded for the second time, and the brave little Balkan maiden at last graduated with high honors from the American college at Samakov. She did not yet feel fitted for the work she planned to do and with little money but high courage she sailed for New York. Here she found interested and influential friends and the celebrated Moody took her to his famous Northfield school where she had a two years' course followed by a study of kindergarten methods in New York. She was planning to fit herself for general and useful work in Macedonia. She knew that within a radius of thirty villages there was neither physician nor trained nurse. She entered the school for nurses of the New York Presbyterian hospital and after graduation entered upon the practice of her profession until she could earn money enough to return to Turkey, there to work among her own people. When about to sail she was called upon to nurse a dear friend who was ill in the Adirondacks. Here she met and married a young physician who was a native of her own Macedonia. In 1900 she returned to Turkey with her husband and commenced her missionary work of teaching, nursing and healing the sick. She went to join Miss Stone on a tour when they were kidnapped by brigands. Their captivity since then has excited the interest and sympathy of all the world and the machinery of two governments has been at work to secure their release.



Millions have become so ordinary an affair that their mere possession does not make their owner famous. The time was in America when the millionaire was pointed out as a man of note for no other reason than that he possessed wealth. The name of Astor has been famous for four generations as a synonym for wealth. Colonel John Jacob Astor is of the fourth generation, but his claims to distinction do not rest upon his name alone. It is thirteen years since he graduated from Harvard. His classmates and friends at the famous old university had learned to respect the remarkable imagination that made his articles in the college papers peculiar and interesting. Some years after his graduation Colonel Astor published *A Journey to Other Worlds*, an account of a trip to Mars. The book proved popular with the general public

and was much discussed, as it told in a brilliant and forceful manner what we might expect to find upon that planet which many astronomers believe to be inhabited. There was enough of a scientific tone to the book to make it come within the limit of possibility. The same great imaginative faculty later led Colonel Astor into the field of invention. He secured a patent upon a pneumatic road sweeper and improver and later upon a bicycle brake. John Jacob Astor has an intense patriotic interest in public affairs but has never been a candidate for public office, although others have tried to induce him to enter the field. His title of Colonel came first from an appointment on Governor Morton's staff. When the Spanish American war broke out, Colonel Astor equipped a mountain battery and presented it to the government. In May, 1898, he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of Volunteers and saw active service in the operations about Santiago, where he was present at the surrender. Colonel Astor married a beautiful Philadelphia girl, Miss Willing. She is a leader in the inner circle of New York's four hundred, where she is famed for her beauty and exquisite taste. Colonel Astor is kept busy with the management of his vast estate, but in addition he is on the board of directors of no less than six banks and three railroads.

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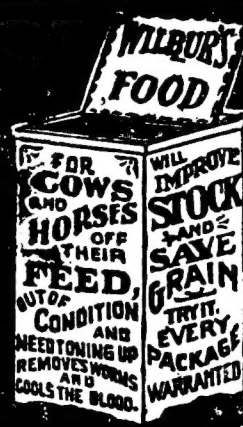
**FOR HOGS** Hogs, you know, are the most susceptible of animals to contagious disease. But stock. There is either "make" or "break" in raising hogs. If you keep your hogs healthy they can resist contagion, will fatten quickly and cheaply. If they get sick and refuse to eat you know how quickly they die. Nothing will save them. Medicine is useless. To keep them healthy you must feed them something they will eat, and something that will satisfy the demands of their system. We believe there is only one thing in the world that will do this, and that is Wilbur's Food. It is not a medicine; it is a pure food made from pure barks, roots and seeds. Hogs like it, and hundreds of hog raisers say it is the only thing they can feed which proves satisfactory. Every hog that eats it will improve at once. If fed for thirty days the hog will be in perfectly healthy condition and fatten fast and cheaply.

**FOR HORSES** The demands of their system make them eat with relish the barks, roots and leaves of the pasture, and when they are out at pasture, getting them regularly, they are in perfect health. When you take them off pasture, unless you provide a good substitute, you deprive them of what nature desires them to have. You can supply this want by feeding Wilbur's Food and at the same time work or drive them every day. One ounce of Wilbur's Food in grain every day will put and keep your horses in good condition.

**FOR COWS** You know when the pasture goes down in the fall the milk goes, the butter goes, the flavor goes, until all are shortest when the price is highest. Wilbur's Food invigorates cows; it supplies the needed roots, barks and leaves of the pasture, sustains the flow of milk and color, quantity and flavor of the butter. Take a cow right off the pasture, feed her Wilbur's Food in the stall, and she will show very little loss of milk, and one cent's worth of Food per day saves one dollar's worth of grain per month.

**FOR STEERS AND CALVES** One ounce of Wilbur's Food fed with grain to the steers when fattening for market will put flesh on them and save you money on grain. A healthy animal wastes no food; it is all transformed into flesh. For calves you are raising, or ones you are fattening for veal, you can obtain the most wonderful results by using one half measure of Wilbur's Food mixed with one pint of ground oats or corn meal.

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I have been using Wilbur's Food for some time, and my horses are looking and doing better. At the same time I have cut down their usual allowance of feed. Where I was feeding 4 quarts oats, I am now feeding 3 quarts, and the horses never looked or felt better since I have owned them. E. E. STILES, Cleveland.

Regarding the value of Wilbur's Food would say that we have used it in our stable and find our stock is greatly improved in the using of it. We have tried several kinds of horse foods, but find that Wilbur's Food gives the best satisfaction and is as reasonable in price as any other, if not more so. We send you another order for 100 lbs. JAMES WHITEHOUSE & SONS, Cleveland.

Regarding Wilbur's Food, I will say that I have used different kinds of stock food but consider Wilbur's Food the best and cheapest because my horses look and feel better when fed on it than they do on any other kind I have tried. J. V. FANTA, Cleveland.

My hogs were stricken with the hog cholera, and after losing thirty-five I began using Wilbur's Food. I have not lost any since and they are all entirely recovered. I am sure if I had used Wilbur's Food one week sooner I would not have lost any. T. J. PARKS, Fullerton, Neb.

My hogs were stricken with the cholera, and after using your Wilbur's Food in only three feeds they began to recover. They are now all well and I have not lost any. DR. THELMS, Fullerton, Neb.

My drove of forty-eight hogs were all badly affected with some hog disease, supposed to be hog cholera. Your Wilbur's Food being highly recommended to me, I commenced feeding, and have continued now for two months. Every hog is in good condition and I am perfectly satisfied with the results, as my loss was very little compared with the condition of my hogs when commencing to feed. P. E. JOHNSON, David City, Neb.

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#### READ THESE TESTIMONIALS

My hogs were affected with some hog disease about September 1, and I commenced using Wilbur's Hog Food strictly according to directions. My hogs are now all in a fine, healthy condition, and I can cheerfully recommend Wilbur's Food as a reliable food, not only for fattening hogs, but as a preventative for hog diseases. BARNEY KLAASEN, David City, Neb.

Having lost nearly all my hogs every year for the past three years with some hog disease, and my hogs being in a bad condition this fall, I concluded to try your Wilbur's Food, and I have been feeding the same for the past two months. I have not lost any hogs, and they today are all in fine condition. Will cheerfully recommend Wilbur's Food to all hog-raisers as a preventative for hog diseases. CONNOVER KENNEDY, Fullerton, Neb.

I have been using Wilbur's Food for my hogs and find it is the best hog remedy in the world. I can use lots of it myself and sell considerable as there is quite a demand for it. A. F. FORTNAY, Laurel, Neb.

I have used and handled Wilbur's Poultry Food for over seven years, and can say it is the best seller I have in that class of goods. I would say to those using anything of the kind, if you want the best, use Wilbur's Food, it is the cheapest. J. R. HAMMOND, Kansas City, Mo.

I have fed Wilbur's Food for several years with unqualified success. I would just as quick think of stopping their regular feed as I would yours. You tell the truth when you say it is a money-maker. HARRY JONES, Racine, Wis.

I have raised poultry for many years; tried all kinds of foods with indifferent success until I gave Wilbur's Food a trial. I can produce 30 per cent. more eggs by feeding Wilbur's Poultry Food, and my eggs sell one to three cents above market prices. It's a winner. It makes them lay. M. S. GILMORE, Racine, Wis.

## TEST IT FREE AT OUR EXPENSE ! A DOLLAR PACKAGE FREE!

So great is our faith in Wilbur's Food and so sure are we of our ability to prove to you that it is a money-maker, that we have decided to give you a practical test of its value. If you will fill out this blank and send it to us today, we will send you a full package of Wilbur's Food. There are absolutely no conditions to this offer. This dollar package is absolutely free.

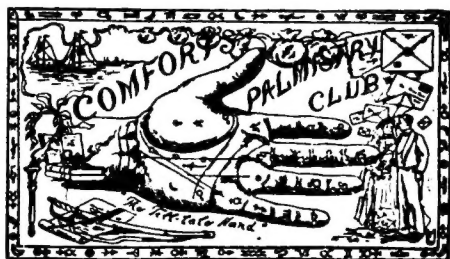
Our responsibility. It is sometimes a source of satisfaction to parties answering advertisements, to know the parties to whom they are writing are thoroughly responsible. We refer you to any bank anywhere in the country, any commercial agency or any wholesale house in the city.

WILBUR SEED MEAL CO., 222 Second St., Milwaukee, Wis.

You may send me absolutely free a dollar package of Wilbur's Food which I agree to feed according to directions. I HAVE NEVER USED WILBUR'S FOOD.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Post-Office \_\_\_\_\_ Express Office \_\_\_\_\_ County \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
 Town \_\_\_\_\_ Cows \_\_\_\_\_ Horses \_\_\_\_\_ Hogs \_\_\_\_\_ Poultry and have \_\_\_\_\_ acre farm.

Be sure to write plain, even if you have to copy this on a sheet of paper.



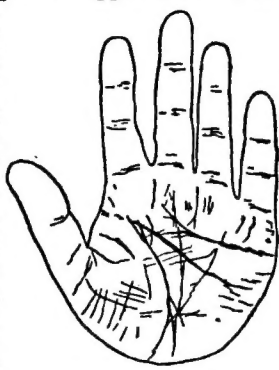
CONDUCTED BY DIGITUS.

WE have the privilege of reading the palm of the distinguished actress, Julia Marlowe, this month. Her life story is plainly written in her palm. We see therein all the causes for her success, for the shape of her palm alone gives the keynote to her success in life, in some field of artistic endeavor—without doubt the stage. Perseverance, the faculty for dealing with imaginative things in a practical manner, the realization that genius, no matter how great, must be developed, fingers denoting highly acute intuitive faculties combined with inspirational qualities that tip the gray technique of labor with the golden gleam of inborn talent—all these facts are clearly indicated at a glance. She is quick to grasp the entire effect, but possesses the requisite capacity for detail to make possible the working out of a perfect whole.

In the thumb, will power and logic are happily mated. Its flexibility shows a suavity that softens but does not lessen the workings of her iron will and her capacity for determined effort. The life line tells of an illness in the past, one of a severe nature, and evidences a constitution that explains how she recuperates in a seemingly marvelous manner from exhausting mental and physical labor.

She will live to a good old age, too, and the latter part of her life will be both happy and successful.

The line of head shows her quickness in making the most of opportunities and a newly acquired ability to grasp the business as well as the artistic side of affairs. In the development of Luna is shown a peculiarly magnetic nature requiring sympathetic approbation to produce great results, rather than the sting of censure, which in this instance chills and depresses instead of rousing to greater effort. Her fate line shows her short and unhappy married life, between the ages of 25 and 30. I do not think she will ever marry again. Her hand plainly indicates one of those charmingly exasperating women who graciously listen to expostulation, entreaty or argument, but calmly proceed on the course

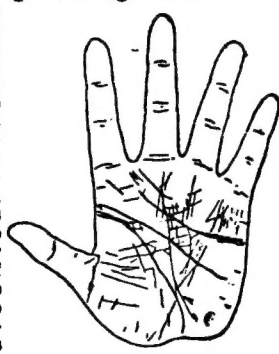


JULIA MARLOWE.

already decided, as though nothing had been said. But she will always have the love and admiration of thousands of people, just as she has now.

"Mrs. M. C. T." has a very strongly-marked hand also, and one that makes for success at last. She has a wonderful fate line, and that is the best line there is. Both that and the life line show that she was very much bound down to the wishes and caprices of others during the first part of her life and that she did not marry the right man. But after the age of 40 to 43 there will be a decided change for the better. She is exceedingly nervous and inclined to magnify her troubles by brooding over them. At the same time she has a great deal of courage and energy and will not despair. She will bear her burdens until she is convinced that her duty to others demands that she lay them down. She will be a good mother and a faithful, if not loving wife. I think she will move away from her present home in a year or two and that comfort and a change for the better will result. If she were to go into business for herself she would succeed, for she has a splendid hand and with that fate line could hardly fail if she tried. She needs to learn a little more of the art of cheerfulness and patience. She has an unusual quantity of worry lines, but these grow much less numerous after the age of 40, indicating a beneficial change then. Long life and fairly good health are indicated. I think there will be a second marriage at the age of 55 or near it, that will result happily. There are good signs of travel with good luck attending. In matters of the heart this subject will see much sorrow and little comfort until her second marriage. In money matters there will be some wealth in the later life, and loss of money in the earlier through no fault of the subject. If she goes into business herself she will make a success. She would make a good farmer or ranch-woman; a good real estate dealer, a successful merchant or milliner. She has excellent taste but is inclined too much toward melancholy and depression if left to herself. She needs to brace up and have more courage and more confidence in her future.

Some one asks about the meaning of the thumb in palmistry. "The thumb in its indication is regarded in India as supreme. With gypsies the thumb is the first thing they look at on seeing a stranger. In Christian rites and ceremonies it is used to represent God, the Episcopal blessing being given with the thumb and two first fingers only, the three representing the Trinity. In medical science a 'thumb-center' is recognized in the brain, and any delicacy or pressure on this center in the brain is indicated in the thumb before it has made itself otherwise visible. When children are born the thumb is protected by the fingers, and it is admitted that if a child persists in keeping the



MRS. M. C. T.

thumb covered it is a sure sign of delicacy—mental or physical. When the thumb is stiff and straight the person finds it difficult to suit himself to people or surroundings. Those whose thumbs turn backward are suave, but not always reliable.

Therefore, it will be seen, that the greater or less development of the various portions of the thumb plays a most important part in the science of cheiroscopy; you may take it, as a rule, that a small, ill-formed, feeble, or badly-developed thumb indicates vacillation of mind, irresolution and want of decision in affairs which require to be governed by reason rather than by instinct or by sentiment.

If the shortness of the second phalanx (logic) shows want of reasoning power; pointed fingers, a weak line of the head declining upon a high Mount of the Moon, and forked at its extremity, all give unfailing indications of a foolish-mindedness that cannot be counteracted even by a well-developed phalanx of will, or a well-formed line of fortune.

Small-thumb subjects are governed rather by heart, as opposed to large-thumb subjects, who are governed by the head; the former have more sentiment than ideas, the latter have more ideas than sentiment.

The bad indications (i. e., the weakness) of a small thumb may be counteracted by a high Mount or Plain of Mars, which will give firmness and decision to the character, as well as calmness and resignation. Another modifying sign is softness of the hand, (i. e., laziness), for in this case the subject will not take the trouble to get into mischief, (though he lacks the strength of will to resist temptation when it comes in his way).

With a large thumb, you will be independent and self-reliant, inclining rather to despotism, governing by will rather than by persuasion; with a small one, you will be reliant on others, easily governed, and wanting in self-confidence, but will possess, if your fingers be smooth, (no matter what their termination), the instincts, the natural tendencies, (undeveloped though they may be), of art.

So in the same way, he who is poetic or artistic by reason of his smooth, conic fingers, is the more certainly so if he have a small thumb; while he who is exact and scientific by reason of his square or knotted fingers, will be more so if he have also a large thumb.

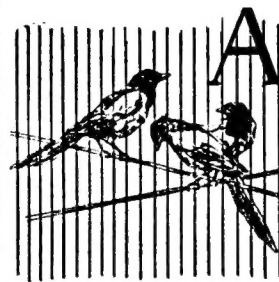
*Digitus*

#### Odd Names for Guns.

AS the use of artillery became more common, and the advantages of portability and a greater rapidity of fire were recognized, guns, except among the Orientals, became smaller, but of better workmanship and construction. Inventors began to try their hands at all sorts of improvements or attempts at improvement, and in the course of a hundred years or so the number of different pieces of cannon, large and small, muzzle or breech loading, was simply legion. There were cannon, cannon royal and demi-cannon, three or four classes of culverins, bombardiers, mortars, perriers, serpentes, carthouns, curtails, passevolants or zebatanas, basilisks,

orgues, sakers, minions, mojanas, falcons and falconets, robinets, fowlers, bases, slings, port pieces, murderers, drakes, aspics, double dogs and lagtors, to say nothing of ribadoquina, flying dragons and partridge mortars.

#### Birds in Giant Cages.



VIARIES are the newest fad of rich people in this country, though as yet they have not become the fashion in the East. Quite a number of them are to be found in California, and their attractiveness as a feature of a rural estate is likely to give them vogue.

All sorts of wild birds may be confined in them, but those most used are parrots, canaries, parakeets, lorries, cockatoos, love birds, macaws, and pheasants of different species. In addition to these one may keep Java sparrows, zebra finches from Australia, goldfinches, and numerous other interesting feathered prisoners.

Such an aviary is in effect a huge cage built in the open air, twenty or thirty feet in height and covering as much ground as may be deemed desirable. It is enclosed with wire net, and is so constructed as to include one or more trees, so that the birds may have as happy times as if they were at liberty. In winter, if the latitude demands, protection may be given against cold by housing the whole affair with glass. The finest aviary in the United States is in the zoological park of New York City. It is a couple of hundred feet long, about seventy-five feet in height, arched at the top, and covered with wire netting. Being so spacious, it is like a large section of out-doors, and the feathered captives hardly realize that they are such in reality, the immense cage embracing not only trees, but also ponds for the water-fowl. Flamingoes, herons, pelicans, spoon-bills, and many other out-of-the-way species are represented in the collection thus confined. This aviary is called a "flying cage," because the inmates have plenty of room to exercise their wings.

The greatest difficulty in the management of an aviary is the food question. Pelicans and herons, for example, require a diet of fresh fish. Flamingoes, too, are hard to suit in this matter. Cormorants, of course, are fish-eaters. It often happens, however, that birds used to a certain kind of provender can be persuaded to get along on something very different and more readily obtainable.

An illustration of this last remark is afforded by insect-eating birds, most of which are satisfied with finely-chopped beefsteak. The scarlet tanager and various small warblers are cases in point. When meat is not good enough for them, meal-worms are pretty sure to serve, and these are always obtainable in unlimited quantities. All that is necessary is to put a few meal-worms into some grain, and they will propagate almost ad infinitum. Owls thrive on beefsteak, but are the better for an occasional mouse.



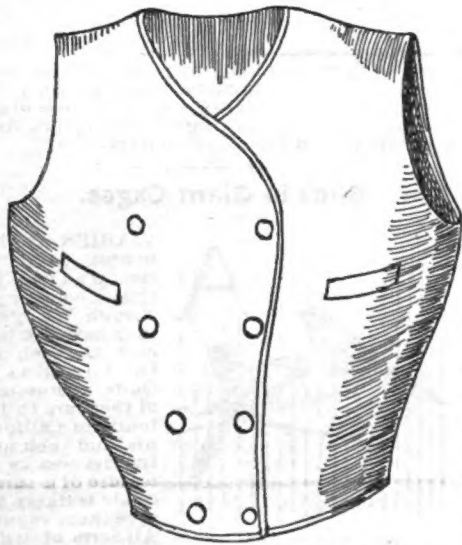


WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.



**T**HE golf vest, so called from its origin as part of the costume of the woman golfer, has come to be an important part of the wardrobe of every woman who is obliged to be out in all kinds of weather. It is comfortable as well as natty, and worn with a medium weight jacket or raglan gives sufficient warmth without the extra weight of a heavy garment made of cloth thick enough to keep one warm. These vests are made of knitted woolen material, usually, though there are also those made from heavy felt and broadcloth. They come in black with white spots, navy blue and red with white spots, also the plain colors. The red ones are particularly popular. The cost of these vests is from four to six dollars, but one could be made for much less by a woman with any sort of an idea of how to cut, fit and finish a garment. Our illustration shows the general style. They are double-breasted, fastened with two rows of brass buttons, and bound around the entire vest, armholes and all, with a bias piece of silk to match the color, stitched on. Pockets add to the attractiveness of the garment, but unless one is really an exceptional sewer one should not attempt to put them in, as they are difficult to do and if not done perfectly would spoil the effect of the whole vest. The double-faced cloth used for golf skirts is good for vests, as the wrong side is usually of bright plaid and gives a pretty finish. This cloth is so wide that only the length of the vest need be bought, probably half a yard.

Fancy embroidered turn over collars are having a tremendous vogue. We have had the white hemstitched and lace-trimmed turn overs for some time, but the present fad is entirely different, as heavy canvas in colors is used, embroidered in scallops and dots in a variety of colors of silk. The one illustrated herewith is of light green canvas, the edge being button-holed in white silk and the dots and vines be-



A COMFORTABLE VEST FOR WOMEN.

ing in red, blue and black silk. While this colored neck wear is extremely popular, it never does look as neat and refined as a white collar, but the colors make a nice contrast on the plain white or gray flannel waists so much worn.

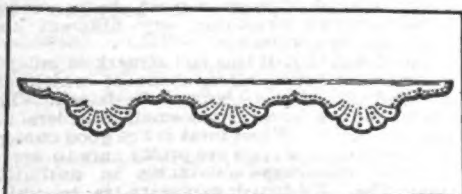
A suggestion for making a child's ball comes from one of our readers and probably will be just what "E. S. L." asked for instructions for making, sometime ago.

Find a pillbox—a tin one is best—and put in it a dozen shot to make a noise. Make a bag of white muslin or cambric the size of a big ball and fill with cotton wool, putting the pillbox in the middle before sewing the end up. For the outside choose very gay colored wools in five colors. On the ordinary steel knitting needles cast on 18 stitches and knit 30 rows. Sew the strips together and slip the muslin ball inside, drawing each end close and fastening it securely. The rattling noise it makes will be much enjoyed by the youngster.

At various times we have had requests for a recipe for making a good waterproof blacking, and have finally found one which we hope will prove satisfactory.

Mix one part borax with eighteen parts melted beeswax and stir to a stiff jelly. Then mix five parts oil of turpentine with six parts melted spermacetti. Combine mixtures, and the result will be nearly colorless paste, excellent to use on natural leather.

Someone asks us how to make liquid glue that will stay liquid and not harden with



EMBROIDERED COLLAR.

time. Break pieces of glue and put in a bottle with whiskey. Cork tightly and set aside 2 or 3 days. This should be ready for use at all

times except in extreme cold weather, when, if it is kept in a cold place it will probably harden. To soften, place the bottle into hot water for a few minutes.

Jane L. C. wants the rule for making a plain worsted bedshoe. Chain 7 at 1 s c in last of ch, 2 s c in next st, 1 in each of next 2, 2 s c in the last of ch, 1 s c in the back side of all the chain stitches, which makes 1 row around. For 7 rows widen at the ends and in the center, by making 2 s c in 1 st. The next 22 rows widen only in the center; on this last row when within 11 st of center turn and work back taking the st only through the back half st until you are within 11 st of center on the other. Turn and work back and forth, until you have 9 ribs made, when fold and crochet together; this forms the heel. Break the thread and leave an end. Commence where the ribs are joined, crochet straight around without widening at the instep, for 6 rows; skip a st at each side where the ribs and the plain crochet come together; then one row of ch 1, 11 c in 2d st, then 3 rows of s c, and a row of shells for a finish at the top. Take 11-2 yds. of ribbon and put through the openwork row.

We wish all mothers were as sensible as the one quoted in the following paragraph:

A girl who had been very clever at college came home, the other day, and said to her mother: "Mother, I've graduated, but now I wish to take up psychology, philosophy, bibli—"

"Just wait a minute," said the mother. "I have arranged for you a thorough course in roasting, boiling, stitching, darning, patching and general domesticology. Now put on your apron and pluck that chicken."

## Candlemas Day.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.



**I**F Candlemas Day be fair and bright, Winter will have another flight."

For hundreds of years, now, people who live in cold countries have repeated the above couplet or some version of the belief which is set forth in it, and have watched with more or less confidence in its truth, to see what kind of weather the morning of February 2nd ushered in. In New England the farmers say:

"Candlemas Day. Candlemas Day. Half your corn and half your hay."

Then on the second day of February they make a mental inventory of the contents of their barns and corn cribs, to see whether they can add another cow and hog to the barn yard's live stock, or whether their stock already on hand must be put on short rations for the rest of the season.

In far northern New England and in Canada, where bears are yet not uncommon, it is believed that Bruin, who has been hibernating through the winter in some cave or hollow log, comes out for the first time on Candlemas Day. If he can see his shadow on the snow—that is, if the day is "clear and bright"—he goes back into his den and curls up for another long sleep. If, however, the day is so cloudy that no shadow falls beside him, he knows that spring will come so early that he stays out and begins the year's campaign then and there.

In Scotland the form of the weather maxim is:

"If Candlemas is fair and clear, There'll be two winters in the year."

Unlike Easter, Candlemas is one of the fixed feasts of the church, and always comes on February 2. It is celebrated with great pomp by the Catholic Church, and is recognized by the Church of England, the Lutheran Church, and by the Episcopal Church in this country. Formal celebration of it was given up in the English Church a long time ago. Some of the Lutheran churches keep the festival and some do not. The day commemorates the presentation of the infant Christ in the Temple forty days after his birth, and is sometimes called St. Simeon's Day, on account of Simeon's words, "A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of my people, Israel." In England it used to be called "Wives' Feast Day." In Scotland it is one of the four "term" days appointed for periodical annual payment of money, interest, taxes, etc. The other days are Whit-Sunday, May 15, Lammas, August 1, Martinmas, November 11.

The name of Candlemas comes from the fact

**TUCK A GIRL ROUND THE EARTH IN FORTY MINUTES.**

The Universal Tuck is a wonderful new device entirely different from all others. Fits any sewing machine. Makes any desired width of tuck. Works automatically, requiring scarcely any guiding of the fabric. Tucks all kinds of goods, from heaviest flannels to thinnest chiffons, without marking, creasing or previous basting. Warranted for fifty years. Ladies and experts astonished and delighted and never fail to purchase. To show it is to sell it. AGENTS WANTED. \$3 to \$6 a day! For descriptive circular and terms send to **UNIVERSAL TUCKER COMPANY**, 12 Center St., Waterville, Maine.

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Female Weakness, Inflammations, Internal Pains, Lassitude, Backache, Headache, Nervousness, Indigestion, Melancholy, Lung Diseases.

**TRIAL FREE**

It brings health, comfort, attractiveness, wholly external. Worn with or without corsets. Simple, comfortable, adjustable to fit any figure. Invaluable to the prospective mother. We receive from 10,000 to 20,000 letters every year like the following:

Rushville, N. Y., June 2, 1901.

I had been ailing for fifteen years from backache, headache, constipation and prolapsus. I had been treated by some of the best specialists in the country without avail. Your brace cured me. The organs have gone back to proper position and remain there.

Mrs. G. C. Shuman.

Free trial for 30 days. Particulars and illustrated book, mailed free in plain, sealed envelope. Write today to

**THE NATURAL BODY BRACE CO.**  
HOWARD C. BASH, MGR.  
BOX 27 SALINA, KANSAS.

that the festival in the Catholic Church is observed with a great procession of men bearing lighted candles, and that on this day all the candles to be used by the church for the coming year are blessed. At Rome the Pope performs this duty himself, and distributes wax candles to the cardinals and others, who carry them in procession through the great hall of the Pope's palace.

The festival is probably much older than the Catholic Church itself, and is a survival of an old Roman custom, the story of which will interest young people who are just studying their Latin mythology. The Romans devoted the month of February to the infernal deities, because they believed that it was at the beginning of this month that Pluto had stolen Proserpine away from the world. They believed that Ceres, the mother of Proserpine, had sought her daughter through Sicily for a whole night, looking for her with the help of torches kindled at the volcano of Mt. Aetna. The festival of St. Agatha is still kept in Sicily, beginning on Candlemas Day, and the procession of wax tapers is sometimes varied with an out-door procession of men carrying pine torches which are kindled near the spot where Ceres was supposed to have lighted hers. In commemoration of Ceres the Romans held torch light processions every year. The fathers of the early church found the custom so strongly established that they decided not to do away with it, but instead transferred its object from Ceres to the Madonna, and as such it has remained.

One of the sweetest of Keeble's hymns was written for this day, the one in which occur the stanzas:

"Blessed are the pure in heart,  
For they shall see our God;  
The secret of the Lord is theirs,  
Their soul is Christ's abode.

Might mortal thought presume  
To guess an angel's lay,  
Such are the notes that echo through  
The courts of heaven today."

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 847 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

**\$3.75 BUYS A \$35 WATCH**

and a handsome "Gold" watch chain & charm. This is a GENUINE GOLD FILLED WATCH in appearance, superbly engraved, double hunting case, stem wind and stem set. HIGH GRADE RUBY JEWELLED WORKS which is absolutely guaranteed for 25 YEARS.

Send this to us and we will send the watch & chain C. O. D. \$3.75 and express charges to examine. If as represented, pay \$3.75 & Ex. charges and it is yours. Write if you desire Ladies' or Gents' size. **CALUMET WATCH CO.** Dept. 235 Chicago

**FREE** To introduce our goods we will give choice of Cambric Patterns of Point Lace Handkerchief, wide or narrow Battenburg Lace Tie Ends or Honiton Lace Turn Over Collar, 4c each, to help pay mailing and adv.; or for 10c we will send the 4 patterns. We also send our large circular of designs in Laces, Stamped Linens, etc., together with price of materials used. Also prices of Perforated Patterns, and Commenced and Finished Pieces. Also free Lesson on Lace Making, and Lesson on Colored Embroidery, with all stitches illustrated and explained. Write to-day. Address **LADIES' ART CO.**, Dept. 5, St. Louis, Mo.

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Sewing Machine, the latest improved 5-drawer style, exactly as illustrated, made with fine solid oak cabinet, finished antique and rubbed to a high polish, fine japanned iron stand, best duplex treadle, finely enameled and gold decorated extra high and extra long arm head, bearings of case hardened tool steel with take-up features, complete with the latest adjustable tension release, adjustable presser foot and bar, automatic bobbin winder, self threading cylinder, shuttle, self-setting needle, positive double-action vibrating feed, and all accessories, including 1 oil can full of oil, 1 gauge, 1 gauge screw, 4 extra bobbins, 1 screwdriver, 1 wrench, 12 needles assorted sizes, 1 hemmer foot and instruction book.

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## Ned Todd

### The Oklahoma Detective, —OR— The Strange Cabin in the Wilderness.

BY HENRY DALE.

Author of "Boomers and Cattle Kings," "The Cheyenne Outbreak," "Shadowing a Shadow," "Chopita," "Mormonism Unveiled," Etc.

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During the past year portions of Indian Territory were opened to settlement by the Government allotment of lots by chance, and the scenes that were enacted in the years gone by, when Oklahoma was the objective point of settlers from east and west, north and south, were again presented in a much more exciting manner.

Because of the exciting events that have transpired in Oklahoma and Indian Territory, events that have attracted the attention of the whole country, the story of "Ned Todd" is presented to our readers in the hope that instruction and entertainment may be derived from its perusal.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### THE TRAVELERS AND THEIR MISSION.

Half way between the Canadian and Red rivers, is that much-talked-of country Oklahoma. Long before its broad acres were opened for settlement, when the Indian and the coyote roamed its prairies at will, two horsemen, followed by a pair of pack mules, were leisurely riding along, at the same time exercising that watchful care so necessary of observance in the wilderness. Oklahoma, in the days of which we write, was the Indian's name for the "Beautiful lands," and late developments in that now prosperous and thriving territory prove that the title was well deserved.

The soil is deep and fertile, and covered with a dense forest, or rolling prairies. The country is watered by hundreds of small streams, which are tributaries of Red river, or the Canadian.

One of the horsemen was about forty-five years of age, though his bronzed face and long white hair gave him the appearance of being much older. His companion was a youth of not over two and twenty. Both were attired in the costume essential to western travel. They wore the soft, broad-brimmed hats, the heavy riding boots, and coarse garb so essential to the plains man. Each was armed with a repeating rifle, a knife and a brace of revolvers.

The faces of both were stern and grave, and the young man's in addition, denoted fatigue. He was evidently unaccustomed to roughing it, in the wild West. His hands were too soft and his complexion too clear, for him to have been long on the frontier, yet his bright blue eyes were bold, and his nerves as steady as if he had led a life of danger.

"We must be far from civilization now, Ned," said the youth in a voice which he designed to be cheerful.

"Yes, we are in the midst of the country called Oklahoma," his companion answered.

"Beautiful,—beautiful land indeed. Why Ned, this is a veritable paradise."

"It is indeed lovely."

"Have you ever been here before?"

"Yes, I have been through the country a number of times. Three times I have guided the troops in here, to drive out the white settlers."

"It seems wrong that the poor white people cannot live in this beautiful country."

Ned merely sighed and bowed his iron-grey head. It was for the courts, and the interior department at Washington to decide and not for him to bother himself about. The man whom the youth called Ned, was Major Edward Todd, who had earned a national reputation, as a guide, western detective and ranger. At one time he was a major in a regiment of Texas rangers, and since then he employed his time in ferreting out criminals who infested the Indian Territory.

For a few moments, the horsemen rode along the narrow wood path in silence, while their pack mules with their heavy burdens jogged along in their rear. At last the younger man, whose name was Archie Holland, with a sigh, and a longing look at his companion, said:

"Ned, do you think that we will find him?"

"Your father?" asked the detective in a manner which indicated that the subject was not a new one to him.

"Yes."

"I have a strong hope. Can you put any reliance in Frank Erwin?"

"It was his dying confession."

"Was he sane?"

"He was. He was mortally wounded in a saloon fight and carried to the hospital. Knowing that I was in the city, he sent for me, and told me that my father who has been missing for ten years, and who was supposed to have been murdered by the Indians while on his ranch in Texas, was here in Oklahoma a prisoner."

"It is strange that your father should be kept a prisoner for ten years."

"There is a mystery attached to it which I cannot understand. Having full confidence in your ability to ferret out such things, I employed you for that purpose. I shall depend altogether on your judgment, Major."

Major Todd was silently chewing his quid of tobacco, while his keen eyes wandered through the woods. They were surrounded by danger on every hand, and he knew that their venture might terminate at any moment in the death of himself, or his employer, or both.

Archie Holland's father had been a very wealthy stock dealer, who had numerous ranches in Texas, and all along the frontier. Archie was his only son and heir. His mother had been married before she married Mr. Holland, and had a son by her former husband.

band. Ralph Spencer was twelve years older than his half brother, whom he despised. He had gone out west to care for one of his stepfather's ranches, and finally ran away, and was not heard from any more. Archie Holland's mother was dead, and there was nothing now to hinder him from following the bent of his inclinations.

He determined to unravel the mystery concerning his father's fate, or lose his life in the effort.

"Archie," said his companion, in a cautious undertone, "do you think that you can stand fire?"

"Yes," the young fellow answered, fixing his clear blue eyes in astonishment on the face of his interlocutor. "Why do you ask?"

"Because we are in imminent peril."

"From Boomers?"

"No, no, the boomers are several miles from here, but if I am not very much mistaken we are in the district infested by Captain Snell."

"Captain Snell, who is he? A Boomer?"

"No, worse than that."

"Explain yourself, Ned, I never heard of this man Captain Snell before."

"He is well known to people along the border. He is an outlaw. A road agent."

"A robber?"

"Yes."

"Well, he has certainly chosen a place where he can do mankind but little harm."

"You are mistaken. He has about him a band of horse thieves and desperadoes, white renegades, Indians, and negroes. They steal horses, rob wagon trains, ranches and even pillage villages, always seeking safety from pursuit in this vast wilderness, and neutral ground, where they have not yet been successfully pursued."

"Major," said the youth. He sometimes called the detective Major, and sometimes Ned.

"What were you about to say?" asked Ned.

"May it not be possible that this man, Captain Snell, is the person who has captured my father?"

"I have in my mind connected him with it, since I first heard your story," the ranger detective answered. "But it would be wholly unlike Snell to spare the life of a prisoner. He prefers killing, as dead men tell no tales."

"Hark!"

There was a crashing sound in the woods on their left. Before the Major could comprehend what Archie was about, the young fellow had slipped from his horse, and with rifle in hand plunged into the thicket. He was gone but a moment when the sharp stunning report of a rifle filled the woods with reverberating echoes.

"Confusion!" cried the ranger springing from his horse and cocking his gun. "The boy is as rash as boys always are. It may be some red-skin drawing him into an ambush."

The ranger knew that was Archie's rifle that he heard. He also knew that he was giving something a close chase through the woods, for he could hear the loud tramp of feet. A few moments later the youth reappeared rifle in hand.

"What was it?" asked the ranger.

"I don't know what it was," Archie answered shaking his head mysteriously.

"You don't? Did you not shoot at it?"

"Oh yes, I shot at something like a man, as it ran away, and then it seemed to all at once change to a panther, and next to a horse, and it galloped away."

"Did you see the horse?"

"No, but I heard the horse's feet, just as plain as I ever heard anything. I tell you, Major, there must be something supernatural about it."

The ranger smiled. To him it was all very clear. After a few moments lost in listening for some signs of an enemy, he said:

"Mount your horse Archie, we must be going."

"But that thing," said the mystified youth. "I can't understand it. Have you any explanation?"

"Yes, it was an Indian with a panther's skin wrapped around him. He had a horse concealed in the bushes, and ran away to him. It is a wonder that he did not send a bullet or an arrow into you."

"But I thought that there were no Indians here."

"This they claim for their reservation."

"Are not all the Indians here friendly?"

"Yes, or supposed to be. There are hundreds of them, though, who will not hesitate to send a shot into a traveler, if they think they will not be discovered in the act."

They were riding down the path which at this point became a narrow rocky defile, with bluffs and tall trees on either side. The youth felt his nerves tingle with excitement, and clutching his rifle nervously, his eyes searched the woods about him.

Suddenly a wild unearthly shriek rent the air, and from the bluff above on their right, came thundering a huge stone weighing two or three tons.

"Back! back!" cried the frontier detective, wheeling his horse about so suddenly, that he struck the horse on which Archie was riding, and almost unseated him. Both horses got out of the way, barely in time to miss the huge mass of rock which struck into the bed of the ravine with a thundering shock. Small fragments of stone were scattered over the two travelers.

They glanced up to the bluff above from whence the stone had fallen, but no sign of any one could be seen. It was certainly very mysterious.

"Ned," said the youth, "do you understand it?"

"Everything, but that warning cry," answered the border detective leaping from his horse, and with his rifle in his hand running up the steep rocky hillside with the agility of a mountain sheep. But a few moments later he returned, his face wearing a still more puzzled look.

"Major, what did you see?" asked the youth.

"Nothing after I got up there."

"Did you see anything before you went?"

"Yes, if my eyes did not deceive me, and they never have, I saw the face of an Indian in war paint."

"Impossible, what became of it?"

"That's what puzzles me most. I can't say what became of it," answered the ranger shaking his head very mysteriously. "It is gone, whatever it was. There were two of them, one a friend and one a foe."

"How do you know?"

"The warning cry was from a friend, the mass of stone a foe. When a redskin decides to kill anyone, he does not give him warning in advance."

"I had not thought of that."

"You must think of everything here."

"I believe you."

They rode unmolested down the narrow rocky defile which seemed wedged in between two hills. It was undoubtedly the bed of a stream that was dry at certain seasons of the year. At last they came to a level bottom, covered with oak, pecan, hackberry and various other kinds of trees common to this country.

While gazing about among the cool dark aisles, the youth suddenly caught a glimpse of an object, which suddenly fitted behind a giant oak.

"Look, Major, look," he cried wheeling his horse about toward the tree.

"What do you see?" the ranger asked.

"A head; a feather, see!"

A white puff of smoke curled up from the distant tree, and the next moment a rifle bullet came whistling through the air, piercing the broad brim of the Major's hat.

In an instant both horsemen had clapped spurs to their horses, and were thundering away into the woods after the would-be assassin, like a brace of thunderbolts. They reached the tree while the smoke hung still like a faint cloud upon the air, and was fading away among the woods.

But not a sign of the would-be assassin was to be seen. They searched diligently, but without avail. The ranger detective dismounted and examined the earth for some sign of the trail, but it could not be found. This led him to believe that the rascal was in the tree, but a careful examination proved that he was not, and they once more returned to the path which they had been traveling.

The ranger detective was silent, while his brow was gathered into a knot of wrinkles, and it was apparent to the youth, that he had met a mystery that he was incapable of solving. They came to a creek, the water of which was so deep as to come quite up to the bodies of their horses.

"Look there, Major," said the youth drawing rein just as they crossed over.

"What is it?"

"Tracks of a wagon, or buggy."

"You are right," said Todd more puzzled than ever.

"Where is it going?"

"Where did it come from?" said the Major.

"I will ride back and see," said Archie Holland. He had wheeled his horse about, when suddenly a sharp cry farther ahead, arrested his attention.

"There it is again,—that warning voice. What is it?" cried the ranger for the first time showing some degree of excitement.

With his horse's forefeet in the stream, Archie had paused and was looking back at the detective as if to ask what he should do. Another shrill, unearthly shriek in the dark woods ahead, attended by the shouts of men's voices, was borne to their ears. Major Todd could retain himself no longer.

"Come on, come on, there's trouble ahead and we have no time to lose!" he cried.

In a moment Archie was at his side, rifle ready, and eyes blazing with excitement.

Leaving their pack mules to follow, they dashed away at the top of the speed of their horses.

Suddenly the sharp report of a pistol rang out on the air. It was followed by a cry of pain, and two or three more shots in quick succession. Loud angry voices, and the clash of arms, made it evident that a conflict was raging in that dark old wood.

"Has some one been attacked by Indians?" asked Archie, as they thundered along the path.

"More likely, it's Captain Snell's gang," answered the major.

The sounds of conflict were receding, and mingled with them was the rattle of carriage or wagon wheels. There was a crash at last, followed by a double report, and the shriek of a female rose on the air.

"It's a woman, Major, Heaven help her!" groaned the youth.

"Let's help her ourselves," cried the border ranger, as he spurred his horse onward, cocking his rifle and holding the bridle rein in his teeth.

The horsemen did not see the grape vine that was stretched across the path, until it struck both of them at the waists, and sent them whirling to the ground. Their rifles were discharged in the air, and their horses fled into the woods.

#### CHAPTER II.

##### SIGNS AND ADVENTURES.

Neither Archie nor the ranger were injured beyond a few trifling bruises by the fall. In a moment both were on their feet trying to recall their horses, which had stopped a few rods away, and stood uneasily sniffing the air.

After some little delay they caught them, and slipping a couple of cartridges in their guns, again vaulted in their saddles.

"They're not far," said the youth.

"Yes, but it is all over," his companion returned.

Strange to say not a single sound of conflict had been borne to their ears after they had been thrown from their horses. They rode more carefully, yet at considerable speed. When they had gone about two hundred yards, they came upon a dark form lying at the roadside. It was a man either dead or dying.

Archie Holland threw himself from his horse, and raised him to a half-sitting position. He now noticed that he was about fifty years of age, his head was quite bald, his beard long and gray. A few feet further away lay a dead horse and the wreck of a buggy.

"Who did this? Speak quick," cried Archie realizing that the stranger's moments on earth were few.

"Captain Snell, and his cut throats," was the answer in a very feeble voice, for the blood was welling up from a wound in his breast.

"Who are you, and where are you going?" asked the detective, who at this moment had come to the dying man's side.

"I am Randolph Miller, and was going to the Boomers' camp on Calvary Creek, with my daughter. The villains came on me and shot me and carried her away."

His deathly pale face, and the contortions of his features showed that he was suffering extreme agony. But his mental agony for the loss of his daughter was far greater than his physical suffering. Although it cost him a great effort he continued:

"If you are men with hearts in your bosoms, if you ever had any sympathy for a stricken man, oh, rescue her! Death is better than captivity with such monsters! Save, oh, save my Daisy!"

Archie Holland was so deeply impressed by the appeal of the dying man, that there upon his knee, holding the hand that was growing

stiff in death, he swore that Daisy Miller should be found and rescued from her captors or he would perish in the effort.

The detective reminded him that he already had one object to accomplish, but he paid no heed to him. Youth is quick, impulsive, and not likely to listen to reason.

A few gasps and the man who had given his life in defense of his child, was dead.

"He is gone," said Archie, rising to his feet.

"We must bury him before we proceed further," said the detective. "Wild animals would devour the body, before we could return to it."

The mules had by this time come up, and from one pack they took an axe and, with their knives they soon hollowed out a shallow grave. In this they put the body, and covered it up with earth and stones.

"Now Major," said Archie solemnly, "we have a new obligation upon us. The young lady must be found."

"I am very much afraid young man, that you are putting so much upon our shoulders, that we shall not succeed with any of it."

"But this was a very solemn obligation," said the youth, thoughtfully. "Who could refuse the dying man such a request? Not I. I swore to him that I would rescue his daughter and I will."

They mounted their horses and with their pack mules following, rode away. What had become of the outlaws and how many of them were they? were questions that constantly occurred to both travelers. The noon-day sun was high in the heavens, and with the exciting events of the morning, both the travelers had grown quite hungry. They had sufficient provision to last them several days. Todd, understanding the youth, asked him if he did not think it almost time to feed.

"I believe it is," he answered. "At least, I feel that way."

"There is an open spot about half a mile further on where we can halt and cook our dinners, while the horses graze."

They rode to the spot, which was near a spring of clear cold water.

"What a delightful country," said young Holland dismounting, and gazing in admiration on the wild picturesque scenery which surrounded them. The country was indeed possessed of a wild, strange beauty, calculated to charm the beholder and at the same time inspire him with awe.

The detective gathered up a few armfuls of dry wood and started a fire. Archie was not the boy to play the fine gentleman, and rendered all the assistance he could. Having been but a few days on the frontier he was not yet proficient in camp duties. The horses were picketed out to graze in the narrow valley, near the camp.

Dinner was almost ready. The Major was squatting at the fire with a piece of venison on the point of a sharp stick, holding it over the coals, when again that warning cry was heard from the bluff above. Before he could turn his head, or even rise from where he sat, there came a loud report from the bluff above, and an ounce ball whizzing past the Major's cheek struck the venison steak from the stick, and sent the ashes flying in every direction.

The startled frontiersman sprang to his rifle, but his young companion was ahead of him, and three shots rang out in quick succession from his repeating Winchester rifle. Before the smoke had blown from the spot where Archie stood, he was half way up the steep hillside, tearing along over the rocks and bushes, regardless of the scratches and bruises. In fifteen minutes he was back to find the frontiersman putting the finishing touches to the dinner.

"You've been gone so long that dinner has almost got cold," said Ned Todd quietly.

"I was trying to kill that infernal redskin or scoundrel, whoever or whatever he is."

"Well, did you succeed?"

"No."

"I knew you would not. He is too shrewd to put himself in your way."

"But how does he manage to disappear as soon as he shoots? That's the question I would like to have answered."

"Just now it's a question that I am not able to answer, so let us eat our dinner and think the whole thing over afterwards."

While eating their venison steak and army bread their horses began to utter snorts of surprise or terror. The men grasped their rifles and wheeled about to meet an object that filled them with astonishment.

Coming leisurely toward them was a woman. Her dark face and sharp black eyes were evidence that she had Indian blood in her veins. She wore a short skirt coming a little below the knee, and ornamented with a fringe of braided beads. Her jacket was made of the tanned skins of wild animals, elaborately and fantastically ornamented. A pair of close-fitting leggings covered her legs, and her small feet were encased in a pair of moccasins, the soles of which were made of the toughest bull's hide. Her slender waist was encircled by a belt in which was a brace of pistols and a dirk knife, while she carried a rifle in her hand. Her head was without covering save her abundant hair that was gathered back and held by a bright red ribbon, hanging in massive splendor down her back, almost to the belt about her waist.

She was a being more calculated to excite curiosity than alarm in a romantic youth, like Archie Holland. Without evincing either fear or hostility toward the strangers, she advanced in a bold reckless manner, and in a voice of the clearest, purest English said:

"Good-day, gentlemen."

"Good-day to you, be seated," said the Major.

With careless ease she threw herself upon the grass within a few feet of the travelers.

"Will you not have some dinner?" asked the detective.

"No, I'm not hungry."

Archie fixed his eyes on the strange woman. Notwithstanding she was bronzed by long exposure to wind and weather, there were still left upon her face some traces of beauty. She was near thirty years of age, but about her large black eyes, there was a look of youthful freshness.

"Do you live about here?" asked the ranger.

"No, I live up on Bender's Fork."

"Then you must be out hunting?"

"Yes, for men," she answered, with a strange laugh. The Major fixed his shrewd gray eyes on her for a moment in an enquiring manner. She met his gaze and after a moment said:

"Ned Todd, I thought you too smart to venture down here."

"I have business."

"I know all about it, but I tell you it is impossible."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)







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#### Guaranteed Circulation:

ONE MILLION TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND COPIES,  
Each and Every Issue.

Or Exceeding 15 Millions A Year.

While one half of our country shivers in the bleak winter of the North, the other portion is basking in southern resorts. Year by year the number of those who are able to "chase summer" increases and out of door amusements are pursued from our summer resorts steadily south to winter resorts.

Now some of the critics are trying to prove that Satan never was in Heaven. As the non-orthodox long since reasoned him out of an infernal kingdom there seems no place left for him but this earth. We at least have to admit that he seems rather busy here.

If the novelists and play writers show as indefatigable industry in the future as they do at present no field of American life, manners, customs or ideas will be left unexploited. We have dialect vernacular and localisms until North is South, and East is West in thorough knowledge of local speech, ideas and traditions. As these books increase it becomes more and more evident that no single book can ever hope to be the great American novel. Our territory is too vast and too diversified to compress in the narrow limit of one book. The Philippines, Porto Rico, Guam and Hawaii yet remain as fresh fields for the novelist who would photograph American life in all its varied aspects.

We cannot but feel more than the usual interest in all that relates to Spain. An inquiry has recently been instituted relating to the fate of some thousands of Spanish prisoners who are believed to be yet in the hands of the insurgents. The Spanish government has been characteristically slow to act in the matter and a committee of women relatives of the prisoners have solicited Mrs. Dewey to present a memorial to our Congress asking its kindly offices in ascertaining the fate of the captives. This is the last session of the Spanish Cortes that will meet under the regency of the Queen. In May, Alfonso comes of age. There are many who predict a radical change of policy in Spain and the institution of many needed reforms at that time. Spain has not been a success as a colonial power but the United States today has a better appreciation of the difficulty of the problem of rule over an alien race than she had when we acquired the territory from Spain.

The fierce white light that beats upon a throne makes royal domestic infelicity even more of a tragedy than such affairs usually are. Europe has had two royal love matches within the past few years. Servia's young king wedded the woman of his choice in the face of all opposition. He seemed a veritable Prince Charming of the old fashion days of true love. Then Holland's old queen chose whom she wanted as Prince Consort. Now all Europe is receiving fresh assurance that Love is truly blind and no less so than when he shoots his arrows towards a throne. It is the royal parties to these marriages, the ones who made the selections who are becoming weary of their bargain. Royal divorces are the topics of the hour in both Holland and Servia and as there are no children to be considered in either household, the sharers of the thrones may find themselves divorced.

The honorable senator from Massachusetts has awakened much interest by his apparently honest declaration that the nations of the earth should purchase an island and deport to it all anarchists who could then work out their systems of no government to their own edifica-

tion and to the annoyance of no one else. Many papers have been at a loss whether to consider the proposition jest or earnest. If the latter what then? Whom shall we deport? How shall we define anarchy? Is it resistance to legal government and law? We have laws that provide for the punishment in such cases. Is it incendiary utterances against existing social, political or religious conditions? Is it assassination of a ruler? How shall we define anarchy? Are lynch law and mob rule anarchy? Are we to have political criminals like those of Russia and a Saghellan like Russia's convict island? Public sentiment must be the island of exile for anarchists while crimes that come within the reach of the law must have adequate punishment proportioned to the crime. Assault with intent to kill is too lightly punished whether the victim be president or pauper. Senator Hoar's proposition is the plan of an idealist who has been too long removed from the stern school of facts.

Saint Valentine never has a chance to feel the pangs of jealousy that the old pagan gods must have endured when they saw their shrines deserted. Saint Valentine's day is in honor of a sentiment and feeling that is more deathless than the sad old world itself—that is Love. The fourteenth of February is given over to observances in honor of Saint Valentine. Many of these are of very ancient origin and have fallen into disuse. The old Saint Valentine custom yielded to the fashion of our grandmother's day when poetry held sway. On paper lace stationery the love lorn swain of that time indited original rhymes to the object of his admiration. It was the day of Ladies Annual of Books of Beauty, of sloping shoulders and paper robes, of unrequited love and broken hearts. The verses were compounded of "hearts and darts" "doves and loves" and any other

combination of rhyme that exaggerated sentiment could devise. The maid of today as she gazes upon the time yellowed record of a love that wrote itself as deathless may smile—partly in derision at the manner of expression but wholly in sympathy after all with the sentiment. She and her world are ashamed to give such poetic expression to the feeling—but the feeling is there. In this age of extravagance and display the intrinsic value of the gift says in the century's intense material fashion what the time worn paper does, "I love you." It is true the bunch of hot house violets may rest in a bowl of priceless china or the basket of orchids may contain a jeweled heart; for after all these things do the Gentiles seek. Yet without the old fashion sentiment that the festival commemorates, the gifts would lose value for to "loyal hearts the value of all gifts must be the giver." So to good old Saint Valentine we pledge the faith and worship of the world of today. The expression of the sentiment changes with the passing years but the sentiment is as old as the world.

February has two days that bid the busy rushing American pause a moment to reflect. The twelfth and the twenty-second of February are holidays in some states in honor of two great Americans—Lincoln and Washington. More and more do people grow to feel that practical lessons for the every-day struggle of living can be gained by a study of the lives of our two greatest men. To this generation, Lincoln is a name as much as Washington is. Both lived in periods that differed from our own in every condition, material and political. The nation of today bears small outward semblance to the nation that Washington nurtured in its infancy and Lincoln upbore through the pangs of maternity, for out of the storm and travail of the Civil War was born a new nation, a new nationality and a new feeling of unity. Conditions have so changed that we cannot judge the men by the standards of the present but we can judge them by the never changing measure of manliness, of singleness of purpose, of simplicity of manner and of all that makes for moral and mental worth. It is to be feared that these two names may become only names with a general and vague admiration given to them by the youth of the nation.

Every child in this land should be given a good readable biography of Lincoln and of Washington so that the lives of those men may be real living entities in the minds of the coming generation. Exercises are held in most of the public schools but necessarily these must be devoted to sentiment rather than fact. There are sturdy truths and principles to be understood by a careful reading of these two lives, representing as they do the aristocratic side of our people through Washington and the "plain people" through Lincoln. Both extremes can and should contribute to the sustaining and upbuilding of our nation by an active interest in public affairs. These two men taught that and a perusal of their lives will continue their spirit in the new generation and the new times.

### Next Month's Comfort to Contain a Wonderful Song by a Famous Author.

The Reproduction of Two Letters Comfort is Here Able to Print this Month Gives Our Readers a Good Idea How the Personal Correspondence is Handled for the Heads of Two of the Greatest Nations on Earth.

THE Editor of "COMFORT" calls special attention of its subscribers to the song to be printed in next month's issue, entitled "You Can Only Have One Mother," the words and sentiment of which speak for themselves. This song is likely to have a very large sale not alone on account of the very pretty melody to which the words have been happily wedded by the authoress, Mrs. Louise Wray, who happens to be a young woman although having just passed the allotted three score and ten (Mrs. Wray is just 76 years of age) is a remarkable instance of what even old people can accomplish even in what might rightfully be considered their declining days.

Mrs. Wray is an Englishwoman, the mother of about a dozen children and as grandmother and great-grandmother lays claim to being almost as prolific as the late Queen of England to whom incidentally she dedicated the song and to whose son, King Edward, she recently sent a copy and whose letter photographed from the original you no doubt will enjoy reading.

Mrs. Wray, when her song was first published—a few months since, wrote a letter to Mrs. McKinley in which she said:

RESPECTED MADAME:  
I send you, herewith, a complimentary copy of my song which I would like you to call to the attention of your respected and beloved husband whose love for his mother has endeared him to the hearts of all of our sex," and was gratified at receiving the following reply:

DEAR MADAM:  
In Mrs. McKinley's behalf I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of recent date, and to thank you for the courtesy which you have been good enough to extend to her.

Very truly yours,

GEO. B. CORTELYOU, Secretary to the President.

She also sent copies to a number of other prominent people in every instance received replies exceedingly complimentary, among others a letter from Bishop Potter of New York, and has kept the postmaster of her village busier than he has been in a decade past, attending to the letters she received from all sorts and conditions of people from one end of the world to the other, all of whom speak in the highest possible way of the old lady's song.

Mrs. Wray was not unknown to fame in her earlier days, having had the honor of being the first singer to introduce "Columbia The Gem of the Ocean" to an American public, and it is rather a peculiar coincidence that Mr. Saalfeld, her publisher, who some twenty years ago made an attempt to get Jenny Lind to revisit this country and who failing to do so (Jenny Lind was then almost seventy years of age) induced Madame Anna Bishop (the wife of the man who wrote "Home Sweet Home") and with Madame Anna Bishop who was then almost eighty years of age gave a Jenny Lind concert at Steinway Hall, New York, which packed that auditorium to its utmost seating capacity and brought to that concert not alone the aged and crippled, but in some instances people who were positive invalids who for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne" undertook to visit a place of amusement which they had not for years previously attempted, all of which was at the time commented on extensively by the Press of the day.

It is the songs of this nature that appeal directly to the hearts of all people and we know the six million readers of "COMFORT" will each and every one fully appreciate and commend the editor's success in securing this popular song for next month's issue without extra expense to them. To be sure that you do not miss this rare privilege, send your renewal or subscribe at once, the 10c coupon blank will fix it.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE, \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 E Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

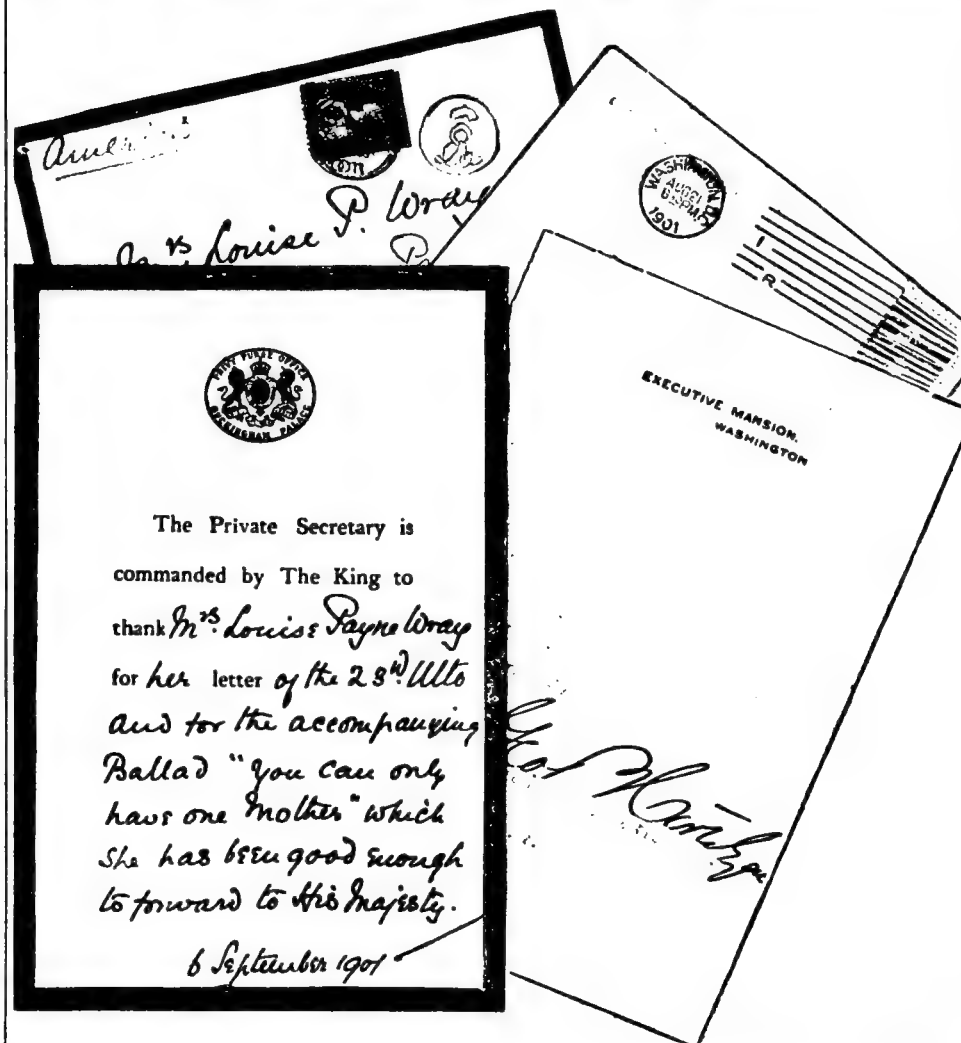
## \$3 a Day Sure

Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 464, Detroit, Mich.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALM**  
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

Reversible **LINENE** Collars and Cuffs.  
Stylish, convenient, economical. Made of fine cloth, finished in pure starch, and exactly resemble fashionable linen goods. No Laundry Work. When soiled discard. Ten Collars or five pairs of Cuffs, 25cts. By mail, 30cts. Send 6 cts. in stamps for sample collar or pair of cuffs. Name size and style. REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. K, Boston, Mass.

## "YOU CAN ONLY HAVE ONE MOTHER." An Anglo-American Alliance.



We reproduce the above letters to show our readers some correspondence that passed between the Department heads of these two great nations and the talented authoress of the now famous song "YOU CAN ONLY HAVE ONE MOTHER." By special arrangement with Publisher this complete Song, Words and Music will be published exclusively in "COMFORT" next month. All who take advantage of the six months' 10c. subscription coupon offer below will be privileged to get this great song without any extra expense. As all expiring subscriptions are being promptly removed, kindly renew yours early to avail yourself of this privilege.

### SUBSCRIBE NOW

Or Renew Your Subscription Before Advance in Price.

Owing to extensive additional improvements in "COMFORT" much beyond those first contemplated we may be obliged soon to announce an advance in the subscription price from 25c. to 50c. a year, of which we give timely notice to our valued old subscribers. To all subscribers old or new we make the following offer at this time. Fill out, sign and send in the special coupon subscription blank below with ten cents to pay for six months' trial subscription; and we will put you on our list as paid six

months in advance, the subscription to continue at the old price, unless you otherwise order. You get a six months' trial subscription for ten cents, and continue for 25c. a year if you like. If you do not like, you can stop it at any time. We feel that this offer will be fully appreciated by our many readers and if you are already a paid up subscriber it would be well for you all to accept the same at once and have your subscription extended at the low price now offered.

To Our New Readers. We hold this offer open for 30 days and any new readers who now wish to subscribe on these remarkably favorable conditions can do so by at once filling out and sending us the subscription blank printed herewith and 10c. in cash.

Publishers COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

For enclosed 10c. please enter my subscription for COMFORT for six months paid in advance, and after that continue my subscription at 25c. a year unless otherwise ordered.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ County \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# WHEN ROSE AND BEE WERE WED.

WORDS BY HENRY WEIL.

MUSIC BY ALBERT A. ARNHEIM.

*Andante moderato.*

1. A bu - sy bee once sang be-neath the bow'r      Of her he fond-ly, mad-ly lov'd in vain;      She  
2. The wed-ding of the bee and blushing flow'r      Was cel - e - brat - ed by the plants and bees;      The

was a close-ly guarded hot-house flow'r,      And he, the bee, was famished on the pane.      He sang his love with ma-ny a pris-sioned lay, . . .      All  
mar - i - gold sup-plied the gold - en      dow'r,      The mu - sic gay was fur-nish'd by the breeze.      Jack - in - the - pul - pit he perform'd the rite, . . .      They

thro' the long and win-t'ry months, a - las!      He pined and buzz'd un-til one day in May,      The friend-ly gard'ner took a - way the glass. . . .  
swore that faith-ful they would ev - er      be;      In start-ing on their hon - ey-moon that night,      Just for luck a la - dy - slip-per struck the bee. . . .

**CHORUS.**  
*Tempo di Valse.*

Sweet lit - tle red rose, be not so prim! . . .      I dear - ly love you, then say you love me too; . . .

Dear Mis - ter bee, . . .      She an - swered him, . . .      I'll be your hon - ey; . . .      For love you, too, I do! . . .

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## A Rubber Mill.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.



elastic fig-tree of India. I believe many of the gum elastic plants are gigantic in growth.

The native who goes out for rubber, finds his tree and cuts it with three slashes, not very high, leaving clay plates for the overflow of the sap. These are afterwards emptied into larger vessels, and bottles, shaped pieces of wood, or sticks, or even heavy rocks are dipped in the sap and twirled or held over the fire till it dries, and another layer is added until the "biscuit" or lump is big enough. The curious

disagreeable smell of rubber is from the pungent odor of smoke from the wood, saturating it as it dries. The bits of rubber left over are rolled into balls called "nigger-heads," and sold cheaply. Rubber reaches the manufacturer full of dirt. First of all, the lumps are always cut open to remove the stone which may have been used to increase the weight. Then it is soaked, broken up by a mighty machine, and cleansed by letting water run through it over and over. The African rubber, which is ragged, dirty stuff, easily torn apart, loses about forty-five per cent. in the cleaning.

It was not easy to make clothes of rubber. We would not wonder the savages did so little with their material, and indeed, some people say our rubber things are made only of tar, glue, ashes and such stuff, but that is not true. The first rubber shoes used to grow sticky and melt in hot weather, and the first rubber coats would get as stiff and hard as wood in winter. There are some secrets in rubber-making now that the workmen are never allowed to tell.

The second step, however, is as plain as the first. The sheets and strips of rubber are put on wire racks and aired in warm, dry air for ten days. Then it is prepared differently for different uses. A great deal of cement, which is rubber and naphtha, is made at Alice Mill, as well as overshoes, which get their shiny varnish from the naphtha tank also, so that the two go on very well in the same building. The naphtha is very dangerous and has to be handled with great care for fear of fire or a terrible explosion.

If you are going to make rubber bands and tubes (and how many of these of all sorts and kinds are used in nurseries and hospitals!) you must put the rubber on a machine that will take four or five hundred pounds for one mouthful, and chew, chew, chew, four or five

hours at a time. Then it is steamed soft and pressed hard and sliced, and if you wish to make a tube it is only needful to put the edges of a strip that is the right size together, and your tube is finished. Rubber thread to be woven with silk and cotton for elastic bands and strips, requires more handling. Another machine, with keen, glittering knives, cuts it fine, and boys and girls join the ends and stretch, stretch, till it is eight times longer than at first, and then wind it on bobbins ready for weaving. For a mackintosh or water-proof overcoat, you may take the waste rubber and naphtha and petroleum, or oil of turpentine, and melt these into a varnish by rapid stirring without fire, and smear three times on a web of cloth. Then another web of cloth is laid smoothly over the varnished cloth and you have your "sandwich," or material ready for the overcoat.

Overshoes with rubber are made by the thousands. This is the chief work of the Alice Mills, sandals for dainty girls, boots for men and boys, "Arctics" for very cold weather, of all sizes from those of little toddlers to the shoes of big men and women. The sheets of rubber for shoes are mixed with certain mysterious powders and stuffs, and then passed between cloth. When the soles are cut out the bits left are sent back and worked over, and at a branch factory near by old overshoes are made new, so there is not much waste.

All sorts of machines go whirling and whizzing, mixing, stamping, drying, stretching, and baking-ovens are always at work. A skillful workman varnishes the shoes, dipping them so deftly that not a drop touches the inside. In eight or ten minutes an overshoe is made.

A very interesting thing is the vulcanizing, or treating with sulphur so that your shoes may not freeze at Christmas or melt on the

Fourth of July. Sometimes the rubber is soaked in melted sulphur and comes out black and hard for making combs, pipes, etc.

Many other toys are made of rubber besides the ugly and familiar rubber doll. Charming little flying-machines dart into the air, and there are dainty toy balloons. The last have been used for saving life, for an arrangement of four small rubber balloons will keep a man afloat a long while.

We have traveled very far from the yellow sap creeping up through tree and bough in the spring, but I have not told you of half of the useful and wonderful things made of rubber.



HERE are some curious superstitions connected with some of the mosques in Cairo. In one of them, for instance, are two columns which are believed by the faithful to mark the exact spot where the ark rested after its voyage. The same spot is also claimed to be the

place where Abraham offered the ram in place of his son Isaac. These columns, of course, are supposed to possess the most wonderful curative properties, and diseased believers rub them with pieces of orange and lemon peel which are afterwards applied to the affected parts. In case of stomach trouble it is believed that licking these columns will bring about a cure.

A PROFESSOR at the Pasteur Institute in France has discovered a microbe which breeds a pestilence among rats. The new method of destroying these vermin has been tried with good success in a number of places.



## The Nicaragua Canal.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.



WILLIAM P. HEPBURN.

HERE have been many measures pending in the Congress of the United States from time to time that have attracted the attention of the whole country, but few have created more intense interest than the bill of Congressman Heppburn of Iowa, chairman of the House committee on Inter-State and Foreign Commerce, recommending the selection of the Nicaragua route for building an Isthmian canal, which was discussed in the house after the holiday recess. After days of debate, during which many speeches were made for and against the bill, amendments were offered and defeated, parliamentary objections were invoked and brushed aside, the bill in its original form was passed by an overwhelming vote. Only two members of the House voted against the bill on its final passage, while 308 voted for it.

The bill was passed on Friday, January 9, and went to the Senate, where Senator Morgan of Alabama took it in charge. It has not yet been considered by the upper branch of Congress and its fate in that body is problematical though it is said a majority of Senators favor the measure.

The bill as passed authorized the President to secure from the states of Nicaragua and Costa Rica, in behalf of the United States, control of such portion of the territory belonging to those states as may be desirable and necessary, on which to excavate, construct and protect a canal suitable to the wants of modern navigation and commerce, and appropriate such a sum as may be necessary to secure the control of said territory.

After securing control of the needed territory the President is authorized to direct the Secretary of War to construct such canal from the Caribbean sea, at a point near Graytown in Nicaragua, by way of Lake Nicaragua, to a point on the Pacific coast near Brito, and also construct proper harbors at the termini of said canal and to make necessary provisions for the defense of the canal and harbors. It is likewise provided that in the construction of the canal the river San Juan and Lake Nicaragua shall be used as far as they are available. The governments of Nicaragua and Costa Rica are to be guaranteed the use of the canal and harbors, upon terms to be agreed upon, for all vessels owned by those states and by their citizens.

The bill fixes the aggregate cost at \$180,000,000, and makes a present appropriation of \$10,000,000 to at once begin operations, and authorizes the Secretary of War to enter into proper contracts for material and work, such to be paid for as appropriations are made from time to time.

Now that the first steps toward the construction of an American ship canal across the isthmus separating North and South America have been taken, it only needs the concurrence of the Senate to make the stupendous project a possible reality. The President will interpose no objection to the measure; indeed, he has advocated the immediate construction of a canal in public utterances and in private conversation. He will carry out the wishes of Congress.

Although there have been other schemes for building a canal across the isthmus, none have secured such powerful endorsement as the Nicaragua route. The Panama canal has been begun, the people of France having contributed millions of money for the project, but the impression is deep-rooted that no quasi-private company can succeed in constructing such a gigantic engineering enterprise as this must necessarily be through individual effort. No doubt the promoters of the Panama company realize this fact, for they offer to sell their route to the United States for \$40,000,000, although they claim to have spent more than one hundred millions of dollars in the work they have thus far done.

The Hay-Pauncefote treaty, binding the United States and Great Britain to neutrality, the protocol with the state of Nicaragua granting to this country a perpetual lease of a strip of territory ten miles wide for the purposes of the canal, the favorable attitude of the President and the recent vote in the House of Representatives, seem to assure the route across Nicaragua. Besides, surveys made in 1876, 1880 and several times since, show this route to be the most feasible.

The total distance across the isthmus from Graytown to Brito is 169 1-2 miles, of which 28.55 miles will be excavated canal, and 142.65 miles free navigation. The locks and excavated channels will have a depth of thirty feet, and the San Juan river, where needed, will be dredged to a depth of 28 feet. There will be six locks and two dams, of which three locks and one dam will be between Graytown on the east coast and Lake Nicaragua; and one dam and three locks between Lake Nicaragua and Brito on the west coast of the isthmus. The estimated time of transit for steamers at the regular speed, according to circumstances, is 28 hours; and the number of vessels that, with single locks, could be passed through in a single day is stated at 32. The available water supply is estimated at ten times the quantity required for 32 lockages a day.

In comparison with existing canals the Nicaragua will be the deepest in the world. The North Sea and Baltic is 28 feet; Corinth in Greece is the same depth; Suez, 27.90; Burges, 26.26; Manchester, 26; Amsterdam, 23 feet. The estimated time within which the canal can be opened for traffic is six years from the

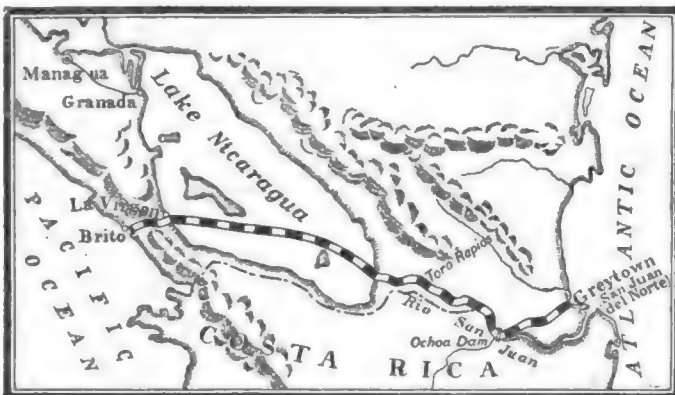
beginning of the work.

The Isthmian Canal Commission, of which John Grimes Walker, a retired Rear Admiral of the navy, is chairman, has reported in favor of the Panama route. The Commission consists of Admiral Walker, ex-Senator Pasco of Florida, George S. Morison, of New York, Lieut. Col. O. H. Ernst of Washington, Alfred Noble of Chicago, Brigadier General Peter C. Hains, of Baltimore, William H. Burr, of New York, Professor Emory R. Johnson and Lewis Muhlenberg Haupt, of Philadelphia. These gentlemen reported in favor of the Nicaragua route, but since the Panama company has made an offer to sell its property the Commission has made a supplementary report in which the Panama route is advocated.

In this report the members of the Commission explain why they first recommended Nicaragua and now change to Panama. These explanations are obvious. The Commission made every effort to secure a reasonable offer from the French company but failed. All it could get was an "estimated valuation" of \$109,000,000. Without a reasonable and definite offer in hand, the Commission recommended Nicaragua as it was required by law to definitely recommend a route. But it made its recommendation "having in view the terms offered by the Panama company." Now the offer of the

ADMIRAL WALKER.

Conspicuous in the proposed sale of the Panama canal works. These explanations are obvious. The Commission made every effort to secure a reasonable offer from the French company but failed. All it could get was an "estimated valuation" of \$109,000,000. Without a reasonable and definite offer in hand, the Commission recommended Nicaragua as it was required by law to definitely recommend a route. But it made its recommendation "having in view the terms offered by the Panama company." Now the offer of the



Panama company to sell all its property, with out reserve, for \$40,000,000, wholly changes the situation.

The report is voluminous, going into all phases of the question and attempting to meet the objection that any legal complication will arise out of the purchase, or that there will be any international difficulties should the deal be concluded.

To further complicate matters the "Darlen route" is being advocated by prominent engineers as the most available of all that has been proposed. The promoters of this canal say it can be built from the Gulf of San Blas on the Caribbean side to Panama Bay at a point about thirty miles east of the city of Panama at a cost of \$100,000,000, but the Isthmian Canal Commission says it will cost \$239,770,000.

Apparently, the difficulty of determining upon the route for an isthmus canal is as great today as it was when the first survey was made by Col. A. W. Childs more than fifty years ago.

## ORANGE LILY

Cured me of painful periods, leucorrhœa, displacements, ulceration, etc., after doctors gave me up and all other remedies failed. No physician required. I will send a trial box free to any lady. Address Mrs. H. L. Fretter, Detroit, Mich.

## SUCCESS.

Mulhall, the statistician, states that 980 out of 1000 firms conducting a successful business in this country for a period of ten years, owe their continued success more to honesty than to energy.

The Von Mohl Company of Cincinnati, O., whose advertisement appears on page 23 of this issue, was organized and began business in a small way in 1886. It is now the largest and wealthiest firm in the United States dealing exclusively in imported goods for special weaknesses, diseases, etc.

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We will give these two **SOLID GOLD** laid rings, one set with large Garnet and three Pearls, one with Ruby and two Pearls, **FREE** to any one that will send us 13 of our Gold Plate Enamel Brooches, set with different colored stones at 10 cents each, and sends us the \$1.20. No money required until brooches are sold. We will back all sold. Address HOWARD MFG. CO., PROVIDENCE, R.I.

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Jewelry charge \$15.00 to \$25.00 for gold filled watches that look no better and keep no better time than this. Double hunting, richly engraved gold plate case with diamond cut ruby jeweled works, stem wind and stem set, an accurate to-the-second timekeeper. **BEAUTIFUL CHAIN FREE.** With lady's case watch we send free a beautiful 4 1/2 inch long gold filled watch chain, with handsome 12 inch vest chain. **SEND NO MONEY.** Cut this out and send it to us with your name and address and we will send the **WATCH AND CHAIN** to you by express. You examine them at your express office and if as represented pay express agent our special reduced price \$3.00 and express charges and they are yours. Mention size wanted. **LADIES - 50 CENTS.** A gentleman's plus 20 YEARS. Write every watch. Address H. E. CHALMERS & CO., 455-555 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Please mention COMFORT when you write.

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IS YOUR HUSBAND, SON, BROTHER OR FATHER A

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We have bought a Million Watches away for almost nothing to introduce our new 10 cent Cigars. With first order of one box of 25 Cigars, full size, we send this elegant solid gold Cigars Watch and Chain, which retail at \$1.46; excellent timekeeper, Prize Medal awarded at Paris Exposition, warranted 5 years. Shaving Set consisting of very best high grade, hollow ground Sheffield Razor, double horse-hair Strap, Brush and Soap; worth \$3.00. Send your address and we send everything for examination. If fully satisfied pay \$2.95 and express charges, otherwise not one cent. If you can not use all yourself sell either the Watch, or the Shaving Set, or the Cigars, for at least the same money as you have the other gone. Address **C. RICHTER IMPORTING CO.,** 80 LEES BLDG., CHICAGO. Please mention COMFORT when you write.

## PNEUMATIC RAPID-FIRE RIFLE.

**FREE FOR A CLUB OF FOUR.**

A New King All Steel Combination Rifle for Birds or Game

using shot that can be obtained anywhere at a trifling expense, also shoots darts making it desirable for outdoor target practice or parlor amusement or it can be used in any part of the house with perfect safety, making a practical and entertaining form of evening amusement for the boys and girls as well as older folks. There is no smoke, odor or dust from this gun, it is endorsed by army officers as the best mechanical rifle ever produced and the possession of one of our accurate shooting air rifles makes a boy manly and affords him an excellent means of successfully competing with his chums for marksmanship honors as well as teaching him the use of a rifle. Remember this is a combination gun, so your boy should have one to be old or young. If he is sick in the house he can shoot darts and keep out of mischief or go into the woods for game and get robust and healthy besides.

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Remember the above is a real gun, nearly three feet long. It looks like a gun and shoots like a gun.

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**An Art Table Cover Free.** We wish to introduce **Oxien Nazone** Salve into thousands of new homes and to accomplish this intend to actually give away these rich and ornamental Table Covers to our friends. We shall send a handsome cover, about two feet and a half square, of the richest and most pleasing designs, and being in appearance like the hand-made covers that Armenian experts sell for from \$12 to \$25 each, to one agent in each city or town who will sell for us only two boxes **Nazone Salve** at 25c. apiece. We send the goods on credit to your home in return for the money, 50c. We pay postage on this Rich Present the moment your 50c. arrives. This is the greatest offer ever made, for, besides receiving this **Beautiful Art Gift**, which will give a whole room an air of luxury and refinement, you learn of other inducements that are rich with money profits and grand presents. Address **THE GIANT OXIE CO.,** Box 987, Augusta, Maine.

## A LINK TO FORTUNE.

A NICE WATCH and a FINE FOB CHAIN.

**FREE!** A SOLID GOLD Watch costs from \$25 to \$62. Don't pay extravagant prices. We can make you a present of a Watch, and with equal time any **World Gold Watch** made, and will send you with the Watch one of the new fine **Fob Chains**, as here shown about half size only. We have a large stock of these watches and chains for sale.

Our promise to deliver this fine Watch and Fob Chain absolutely free is backed up by our long established business integrity and a capital of \$50,000. There is no humbug, catch or scheme of any kind in this offer. Everyone who complies with our simple conditions will receive the Watch and 6 in. Fob Chain. **OUR GREAT FREE!** Including this one of the year when belated pains, Colds, Coughs, Quinsy, Croup, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, Rheumatic Stiffness, Inflammatory Rheumatism and other ailments are prevalent our Famous Oxien Electric Plasters with their vitalizing quantities are in enormous demand, and in order to place these wonderful health-bringers in the homes of everyone throughout the land, we will send eight Oxien Electric Plasters that sell for 25c. apiece to any trustworthy and honorable person who will agree to sell them to friends and acquaintances or use themselves, and return us \$2.00 received from the same. Upon receipt of this remittance we guarantee to forward, all charges prepaid, the Nice Watch and Fine 6 in. Fob Chain.

We have over \$500,000 active agents employed who are making huge fortunes from the enormous growing demand for these Electric Plasters. These are the only Oxien Remedies, and among them, soldiers, ministers, missionaries, and public men and women. They all report that though women in every walk of life, they have never sold a cent's worth of our goods still it is the simplest thing in the world to dispose of Oxien Electric Plasters and other remedies, as the universal demand is so great.

**CURE & GUARANTEE.** If you want one of these fine American Watches and Fob Chains write us. **YOU SEND NO MONEY WHATSOEVER.** simply say you will try to sell eight Oxien Electric Plasters at 25c. apiece. These will be forwarded conspicuously packed at our expense. A fine lot of circulars and advertising material will come with them all free. You then have a reasonable time in which to dispose of these 25c. articles and if successful will return us the money \$2.00 at first and we will forward the eight Oxien Electric Plasters together with the Watch and Fob Chain at the same time, all express or mail charges paid by us.

**Don't Miss this Opportunity.** Address all letters to **OXIEN WATCH DEPT.,** 6, Augusta, Maine.

**ATTENTION!!** As great many people have some money on hand they may have the privilege of sending us \$2.00 at first and we will forward the eight Oxien Electric Plasters together with the Watch and Fob Chain at the same time, all express or mail charges paid by us.

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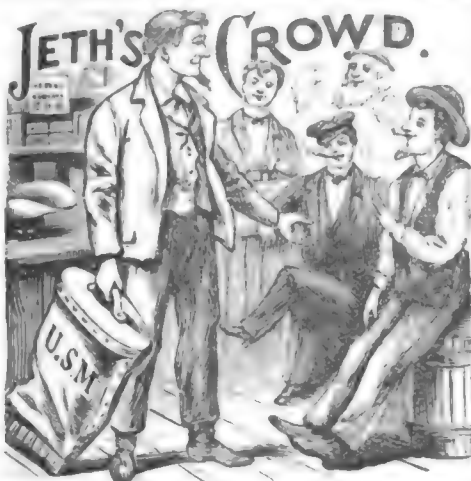
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Voracious Records of the Doin's in the Cobb Corner Postoffice, "Writ out" by the Boy Behind the Counter.

[EDITOR'S NOTE. The quaint philosophers, the dry wags, the shrewd dickers and the eminent yarn-spinners of the countryside make a forum of the country postoffice when there is room at the rear around the big stove. The stories and incidents on which some of the most successful human interest novels of the day are constructed come from the quaint loungers around the stores in Yankee communities. These official records of "Jeth's Crowd" are to be taken down month by month for the readers of "Comfort," and we hope that as you become acquainted with the members of the "Congress" your interest in their discourse and stories will deepen. In the March number of "Comfort" the Cobb's Corner Congress will continue sessions.]



HET Woodrow came stamping into the post-office—thud—thud—thud—his moccasined feet to restore circulation. "Kind o' chilly out back, ain't it, Chet?" asked the Postmaster genially. "Wal, I think p'raps the weather would stiffen cream up a little if it was left out over night," Chet admitted. He pulled off a big blue and red mitten and broke the icicles off his shaggy beard. "Anything for out back folks?" he asked. The Postmaster fingered in one or two boxes and then shook his head at the wicket. He was just shifting his chew and therefore didn't find it convenient to speak. "Hain't nothin' do ye mean?" asked Chet rather suspiciously.

"Not a scrap of paper for any of the folks out your way," said the Postmaster now recovering his voice.

"Wal, Waterses' folks said the' was sure to be something for them—said their niece allus wrote 'em about this time of month and that's really one of the things I'm out here after, that letter. The Waterses are anxious to hear, for one of the niece's children has been sick and they are anxious to hear how's she's gittin' along."

"Wal, I wish I could help 'em out," said the Postmaster, "but I hain't got no way of poking people up to write letters. All I can do is to deliver 'em over when they get along."

"They was so got-nation sure about that letter!" mused Chet. "Say, Jeth, ye don't mind takin' another look do ye jest to makesure?"

"Wal," snapped the Postmaster somewhat testily, "I might borrow the telescope from the Lick observatory and take a special and thorough look through the postoffice jest for the benefit of the Waterses. It may be that the letter they are expecting has accidentally got into one of my hollow teeth or I may comb it out of my whiskers when I get up tomorrow mornin'. You and the Waterses may think that I take a baseball bat and distribute the mail with it. But I don't. I put it into the boxes where it belongs and it's there when ye call for it."

"There hain't no need of gettin' teetery over the thing," remonstrated Chet. "Ye're paid to stand there and accommodate the public, hain't ye?"

"Yas, I get about a hundred and thirty dollars a year for bein' bossed round and jawed at by ev'ry old lub-dub in town. Of course I'm overpaid and all that but you know that these high-salaried government officials are allus set 'way up. I can't help it."

"Wal," persisted Chet, "it won't hurt ye a mite to take just another look through your boxes there to make sure. There won't be any one come in from out back for another week and I'd jest like to make sure that there hain't any letter here."

"Say," thundered the Postmaster, his face close up to the wicket, "do ye suppose that I'm goin' to have any cuss that's wearin' a buffed co't which is bald-headed below the waistline comin' in here and tellin' me how to run this postoffice? Do ye think I'm goin' to get down on my hands and knees and half-pin out the cracks in the floor or that I'm goin' to pitch over the hay in my barn to see if there's any letter for the Waterses who have about four letters a year? Wal, not if the court knows herself and she thinks she does."

"You put on more airs and get off more sass than the postmaster of New York City," said Chet disgustedly and he made way for Aunt Phrony Sawyer who called at the wicket for her Zion's "Adversary," as the Postmaster always called it in fun.

As she turned to go away after receiving the paper something dropped out on the floor. Chet picked it up and handed it to her. She put on her specs, pulling them down from under her hood and examined the object. It was a letter.

"That ain't mine," she said handing the letter back to the Postmaster. "It is addressed to Mis' Waters out in the back neighborhood."

The Postmaster looked at the superscription. Then he turned it over and looked at the back of the envelope. Then he looked once more at the address. Chet was watching him through the window with a huge grin growing under his thawing beard. The Postmaster's face was a study.

"Lord Chief Mogul of the 'Nited States post-office department," said Chet, "may I be so

presumin' as to speak to Your Grand Gazoo-zicks and respectfully inquire once more if the mice have not been trying to build a nest in your whiskers with one of the Waterses' letters?"

The Postmaster passed the missive through the wicket. "That does sartainly beat me all to snuff," he said. "Of course mistakes are liable to happen, you understand that Chet. That letter got folded into that newspaper in some way, got darned if I know how. I apologize for anything I might have said to ye, Chet, but people do get so sassy in front of that wicket that it does aggravate a man dretful."

"Wal," said Chet somewhat ungraciously, "before ye sass the next man ye better find out whether ye're in the wrong or not. A man never knows when he's goin' to knock a pop foul, even if he is at work for the 'Nited States gouvment."

The man from the back "deestrick" shoved the letter into his breast pocket and strolled out to the stove at the rear of the store. A large part of the Cobb's Corner Cracker-barrel Congress was in session, early in the day though it was.

"What you and Jeth heifered up over?" asked Uncle Wack Spofford.

"Oh, that two-legged encyclopedia there with a chaw of terbacker for a back mark has been open ag'in at the page headed 'Dampfool'," snorted Chet. "He knows so darn much that his brain must have wrinkles in it like the gouges round the neck of a Merine buck."

"Jeth sort of feels that he represents the gouvment and he throws it on a leetle too thick sometimes," said Teed Strout.

"These men that know it all remind me of the time that Hen Hartshorn went down to Nubble Lake to visit his cousin at the seashore," said Chet. "Hen is one of those fellers that knows everything at least two weeks before it ever happens. He never asked any advice of any one in his life even though he's givin' it away all the time. But he never seems to run out. If a man starts to tell him anything Hen always snorts out, 'Oh, yes, I know—I know!' And the interestin' part of it is, he never does know. He never stopped long enough to find out anything in all his life. Why, one time he drove down to the railroad station to unload some potatoes. He hollered to the station agent, before he crossed the track, to find out if the express train had gone past. Ten minutes late at the last station—the agent started to say. He was goin' to add that prob'ly, though, the express had made up the time. But Hen chopped right in. 'All right—all right—I know!' And then he drove round the corner of the station right onto the track. The goin' was bare there and his runners stuck. The next minute the express tore round the curve and knocked the stuffin' out of the load and killed one of the horses. But Hen happened to be previous enough that time to get off the team."

"As I was tellin' ye about that trip to the seashore. He wanted to visit his cousin and do a leetle fishin'. The cousin told him that the mackerel were jest a dity shy at that time and the weather didn't look settled enough for a trip outside very far for the first day. But he told Hen that prob'ly he could have consid'able fun goin' out lobsterin', while he, the cousin, was baitin' the trawls for the next day's fishin'. Then the cousin went to tell him suthin' about how to set the pots. But Hen sliced right in with his 'Oh, I know—I know!' And away he went down to where the dory was moored. Hen had never been at the seashore before in his life and the cousin knew it. But he thought if Hen was so mighty knowin' he'd let him wallop round a while.

"Wal s'r, Hen staid out there all day, rowin' from Quahaug Point to Cow Ledge, splishety-splash, his oars whirlin' like a windmill in a gale. The cousin was settin' baitin' trawls and could watch him all the time and he wondered how he could keep so busy. The cousin reckoned that Hen did know at least a leetle suthin' about the science of catchin' lobsters, and he reckoned that if he was as lucky as he was busy he was makin' money out there.

"Along about sundown Hen rowed in and came doublin' up to the house with his hands on his back. He called for some taller to put on his palms.

"Reckin' ye must have got a slew of lobsters, Hen," said the cousin. "Never see a man so busy as you've been a-pullin' pots."

"Never caught a ding-becked lobster," groaned Hen. "Don't b'lieve there was ever a lobster down there except me."

"Wal, it's funny ye didn't catch none after workin' the way you did," said the cousin. "How deep did ye set your pots?"

"Set pots!" snorted Hen. "What are ye talkin' about? I never had no luck still-fishin' for anything. I jest rowed back and forth there trollin'. And I tell ye there hain't a lobster in that bay."

"That's what the critter had been at all day—trollin' a lobster pot, anchor and all, behind his dory across the cove back and forth expectin' a lobster to catch up with him and dodge in."

"Thought he was goin' to ketch 'em same's ye'd net a butterfly, eh," haw-hawed the Postmaster.

"Yas," replied Chet, dryly, "stood about as much chance of gittin' a lobster as a man does of gittin' a letter out of this postoffice the first time he asks for it."

The Postmaster glowered and rammed his knife angrily down into his trousers' pocket after he had sliced off a chew.

It was evident that he was meditating some indignant retort but as he glared at Chet he evidently bethought himself of a surer method of confounding his adversary. Chuckling, the Postmaster stooped and poked the fire and then straightened with his hand at his back.

"You couldn't have caught Chet here on that lobster bus'n's, boys," he said. "Did ye ever hear how well posted Chet is on this salt water end of the line?"

"No," was the chorus, "what about it?"

"Don't ye go to tellin' no lies about me, now," commanded Chet.

"Don't be stoppin' a man, Chet, when he's ready to praise ye about how much ye know," said Teed Strout.

"It was this way," the Postmaster began. "A while ago the doctor told Chet that the best thing in the world for his wife's dyspepsia would be a little sea-water to drink 'tween meals. Chet wouldn't trust to any one to get that sea-water for him. Said there was so many cheats in these pertunt things that ye

couldn't tell nothin' 'bout it unless ye tended to the matter yourself. So he hitched up and drove down to the coast, fifty miles. Struck a place where there is a landin' with a store at the head of the landin'. Ye have to go right through the store to get onto the landin'. Chet kind of got the idea that the storekeeper owned that section of the ocean right round there and he didn't see no way of gettin' at the water except goin' through the store, 'cause the banks were so steep. He went in and says to the man, 'Is all that out there nice fresh sea-water?' 'Yes,' says the man, 'It's jest been dumped in this mornin'.' 'I want to get this jug full,' says Chet. 'Go out and help yourself,' says the man. When Chet came back he says, 'How much do you tax me?' 'Call it five cents,' says the man. So Chet paid and come away."

"Say, look here—" commenced the hero of the tale, but the others shut him off by shouting "Go ahead, Jeth!"

The Postmaster scratched among his whiskers and pursing his lips humorously went on: "Wal, after that jug of water give out, Chet's wife said it done her so much good and was so savin' of doctor's bills that she wished she had another jug full. So Chet went down ag'in. Went to the same place. Same man there."

"I'd like another jug of that same sea-water," says Chet. 'All right,' says the man, 'go 'long out and help yourself jest the same's ye did before.'"

"When Chet was there before, the tide was in. Now it was way out over the flats and Chet had to shin down the treble-work to fill his jug. When he came back he asks: 'Any lift in the price, mister?' 'No,' says the man, 'only five cents jest the same. Why?'

"Wal," says Chet, "I see ye've had such a thund'r in' big bus'n's since I was here last and reduced the stock so I didn't know but what ye'd come up a leetle.'"

"Ye're a liar," said Woodrow, jumping up and shaking his fist in the Postmaster's face. He tried to say more but the laughter drowned him out. The Postmaster saw that he had made a hit.

"Now look here, boys," he went on. "While everything is pleasant I'd like to read ye a leetle piece of portry I've writ on my bus'n's here. When ye've heard it I b'lieve ye'll have more charity for a man in a second-class post-office." But before he got the brown paper out of his pocket the Congress had dissolved. Chet was the last man out.

"Say, Jeth," he yelled back, "better put that piece of portry to pickle in some of that salt water I got down to the coast. I'll bring ye in a jug full when I drive out ag'in."

"Them critters is the most dead set agin literature of any crowd I ever see," murmured the Postmaster angrily, as he went forward to draw a can of kerosene for the Walkers' little boy.

## A woman's discovery FREE

By many years of constant study and experiments, I have perfected a simple, harmless vegetable remedy that will quickly cure all female diseases, as well as the piles. It is nature's own remedy, and will not only relieve, but will absolutely, thoroughly and permanently cure the ailments peculiar to women, such as falling of the womb, leucorrhoea (whites) displacements, ulceration, granulation, painful or scanty periods, irregular menstruation and all the pelvic ills of women. It positively cures rectal ulcers, piles, hemorrhoids, tumors, itching, blind or bleeding piles in either sex. It cures promptly, privately and permanently, without the repugnant methods in general use by physicians. You can escape embarrassing examinations, avoid humiliating exposures, cheat the surgeon's knife out of baptism in your blood.

The treatment is so simple, mild and effectual that it will not interfere with your work or occupation. Thousands and thousands of letters are being received from grateful persons from all parts of the world, who have been cured by the use of this remedy. The first package is free, send for it, send to-day. I know that a fair trial of it will result in your becoming its enthusiastic advocate and friend. With it I will send literature of interest and value. Do not neglect this opportunity to get cured yourself and be in a position to advise ailing friends.

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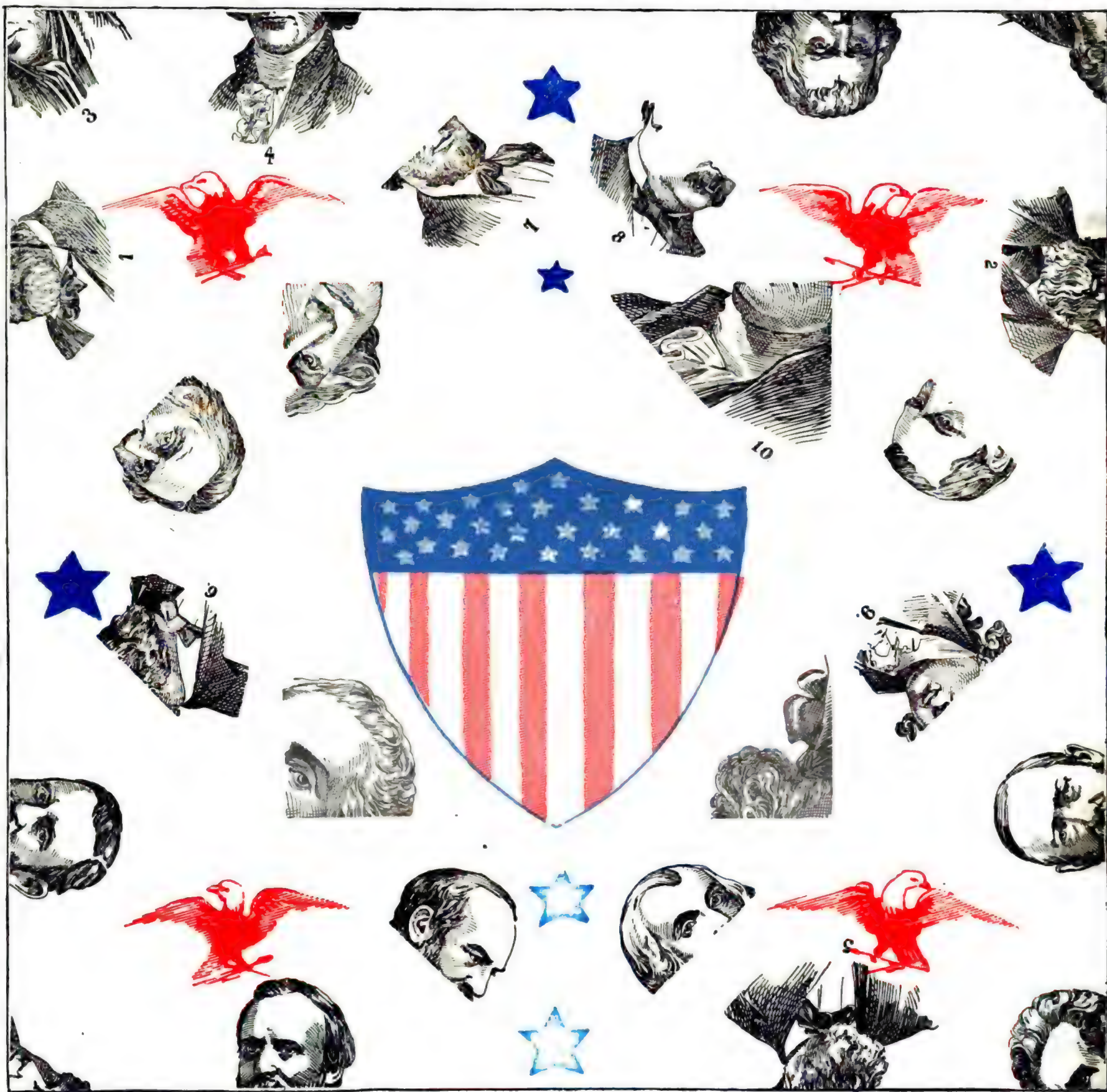






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**CASH REWARDS OF MERIT.** COMFORT desires to test the knowledge and skill of its subscribers from both a manual and educational standpoint and will pay in the form of Cash Prizes liberally for the knowledge so gained. The editor is thus glad to present to COMFORT readers of all ages the Historical PRESIDENTIAL PRIZE PUZZLE this the birth month of our immortal Presidents WASHINGTON and LINCOLN. The above dissected faces properly folded will give the exact likeness of ten of our former Presidents.

**DIRECTIONS.** Cut the entire illustration entirely on the outside black line, the first folds will produce in a six inch square, five complete faces, from the second folds four more are shown, including the illustrious LINCOLN, all in a four and one-half inch square—and one more, the last fold, a three inch square, brings the largest single picture, a fine likeness of the "Father of his Country," GEORGE WASHINGTON, with the shield on the reverse side. This is a very fascinating puzzle and is an excellent opportunity for one to display ingenuity, tact, taste and knowledge. Each fold should be laid very carefully, the margins cut close to the line and brought together perfectly, making complete pictures in each series. The square arrangement of the corner stars and blank spaces after the first folds, and the location of the eagles almost suggest where to begin and the rest of the folds follow very naturally and are easily worked out. We have arranged the list of prizes so they cover the entire field, and all ages can and will be represented in this interesting and instructive competition. It will give all your subscribers a chance for innocent enjoyment that may bring much profit as well and we trust all will enter into the competition with zeal and enthusiasm.

**How the Prizes are Given.** Prizes go to Every State as COMFORT circulates in nearly every town and city in the country. We desire all readers to participate in the Puzzle Work, and derive the benefits therefrom. We have thus arranged the awarding of prizes so as to benefit the greatest number of our subscribers, those living in small or out-of-the-way places having an equally fair chance in the competition as the patrons from large cities.

<b>\$45.00 Cash PRIZES</b> For All by States.	<b>\$25.00 Cash PRIZE</b> For Brains, Knowledge and Skill.	<b>\$10.00 Cash PRIZE</b> For Skillful Work and Knowledge.	<b>\$5.00 Cash PRIZE</b> For Skill and Speed.	<b>\$3.00 Cash PRIZE</b> For Skill and Old Age.	<b>\$2.00 Cash PRIZE</b> For Youth.
<b>\$45.00 Prizes at \$1.00 Each.</b> Reward for Dexterity, Skill and Knowledge. To those from each of the 48 States at once returning to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, this Presidential Puzzle folded the nearest correct and in the neatest and best manner and correctly naming as many as six of the distinguished Presidents pictured thereon being designated by the numbers given on each picture. COMFORT will pay \$1.00 cash for the best one from each State thus received.	<b>\$25.00 Prize.</b> To the sender of the neatest and best folded solution of the Puzzle and containing the most complete and correct list of the 10 Presidents with date of birth and death written in the most brief and comprehensive style we will pay \$25.00 cash.	<b>\$10.00 Prize.</b> To the sender of the most artistic and tastefully arranged solution giving the names of all ten of the Presidents and year of inaugurations we will pay \$10.00 cash.	<b>\$5.00 Prize.</b> To the sender of the neatest folded solution giving names of at least six of the Presidents, with time required to cut out and properly fold the same, we will pay \$5.00 to one consuming the least time by the operation. Hustle and get \$5.00.	<b>\$3.00 Prize.</b> To the oldest subscriber who sends in the folded solution of the Puzzle from anywhere in any manner we will pay \$3.00 cash.	<b>\$2.00 Prize.</b> To the youngest subscriber who sends in the folded solution of the Puzzle in any manner from any section of the country we will pay \$2.00 cash.

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**CONDITIONS.** The only conditions required to enter this Educational Prize Competition is that you secure one six months' paid in advance subscription to COMFORT as per our special offer on page 12. The cut out coupon sent with the name on it and ten cents is all that is required to qualify you to enter the competition, or you can send the name separately if you desire to use that for yourself, but not under any conditions can we allow anyone to qualify for a prize under this offer without enclosing one new subscription name together with ten cents sent with same to enter subscription. Prizes will be paid March 29th. Additional copies of this issue of "COMFORT" furnished at the rate of only 2c. each.

Under these different offers, as you will notice, one person can enter for nearly all or only one of them just as desired, so each can feel that their talent and judgment will count.

**CONSOLATION PRIZE TO ALL.**  
As nearly every one enjoys Puzzles we have a little Book of Pictorial Prize Puzzles which we will send FREE as a Souvenir Prize to all who answer this Presidential Prize Puzzle as per above simple conditions. The Puzzles illustrated in the book are of an entirely different nature than this one, but are very amusing as each one is a complete and interesting picture in itself. As some of the Puzzles have Special Prize Offers for solution you may keep yourself profitably amused for all winter. Understand this Picture Puzzle Book is sent to you free as a Souvenir Reward and if you return the folded Presidential Puzzle as per conditions, within one week from its receipt we will also send you a pretty little Valentine without charge as a further reward for promptness in solving and sending your answer. Act promptly and get your rewards immediately.



As no doubt many of your friends will want to try for these and other Puzzles that COMFORT is now offering each month we make the following special Club Offers for six months' trial subscriptions at 10c. each, under this special plan. Show the paper, talk about its many bright interesting literary features and you will find the subscriptions can be gotten very easily. COMFORT's great Ned Todd detective story will want to be followed from month to month. Jet's Crowd will grow more interesting and all features will be improved. For a club of only 10 Trial Six Months' Subscribers at only 10c. each, we will send you a nice watch that is guaranteed to keep good time and wear for years, and if you send two additional six months' subscribers, twelve in all, we will also include a nice strong good-looking chain that will wear for years. Where can you earn such a nice article for so little work? If you have no use for the watch you can easily sell it for a good price. It costs you nothing. We deliver free. Air guns for a club of ten, also if you prefer one of the all steel Air Rifles we will send one of the regular Pneumatic Rifles nearly three feet long. These guns are great for indoor or outdoor practice. They are a new style all steel combination rifle for birds or game, firing darts or shot. For men or women, boys or girls. A real gun. There is no smoke, odor or dust from this gun, it is endorsed by army officers as the best mechanical rifle ever produced and the possession of one of our accurate shooting air rifles makes a boy manly and affords him an excellent means of successfully competing with his chums for marksman's honors as well as teaching him the use of a rifle.

**WATCH CLUB OFFER.**

If you get up a club do it quick so all new subscribers can receive this issue of COMFORT and enter in this Prize competition. COMFORT PRESIDENTIAL PRIZE DEPT., Augusta, Maine.



## Ned Todd.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

The ranger was astonished. Who was this strange, all-knowing being, who seemed to read their very thoughts. After a few moments lost in wonder, he said:

"How did you know that I was Ned Todd?"

"Oh, that is a secret," she answered. "You are Ned Todd, the ranger, and in the employ of the young man here, whose name is Archibald Holland."

Archie started up with an exclamation of wonder.

"How did you learn so much?" he asked.

"Young man," she said quite solemnly, "don't think that people who live in the woods are all fools. You left Muskogee two weeks ago."

"Did you see us there?" began Archie, but a look from the detective silenced him.

"I never saw you until to-day," she answered. Noting the glance of the detective, she added:

"Ned Todd, don't you be afraid that I will take advantage of this young man's inexperience. I will however talk with you."

"Who are you?" asked the ranger.

"I am more generally known as Oklahoma Peg."

"I thought so, I have heard of you."

"If you know much of me, you know that I am noted for truthfulness."

"I have heard so."

"But as I may be, I am not one to deceive, and now I advise you both to turn back."

"Why do you advise us to turn back?"

"Because it is death to advance."

"We know what we are doing."

"No you don't, there are dangers here of which you know nothing."

"How far is it to Calvary Creek where the Boomers have settled?"

"Fully two hundred miles."

"We can probably reach there."

"You never will."

"Then we will go to Fort Sill."

"You will never live to reach either place."

For a few moments the frontiersman fixed his keen gray eyes on the sharp black orbs of Oklahoma Peg, and she divining his look, said:

"Why don't you ask what you want to? You have been long enough on the plains to know when to speak out."

"Where is our danger?" he asked. "Is it Indians, or Captain Snell's band?"

"Both," she answered quickly. "You are surrounded by foes of whom you know nothing, and cannot see. They are nearer than you suspect. You are in danger of being shot down at any moment by some unseen assassin."

"Peg I thank you for your advice."

"Won't you take it?"

"We have not decided."

"You had better."

"I'll decide as my judgment dictates."

"If I were you, Major, I would go back," she said, her black eyes burning with eagerness.

"What has become of the young lady that was captured to-day?" asked Ned Todd in order to change the topic of conversation.

"To-day?"

"Yes, Peg, you seem to know everything, you must know that; a Miss Miller was captured to-day."

"By whom?"

"Captain Snell."

"Her keen black eyes flashed fire, and she gnashed her white teeth in rage."

"Do you think we would turn back like cowards and leave that poor girl to her fate?" asked Ned Todd.

"Do you know her?"

"No, I never saw her in my life."

"Then how know you that she was made a captive?"

"We buried her father, who received his death wound while he was defending her. He lived long enough to tell us what the villain had done."

"Ned Todd, if you will turn about, and go back, I will save the young lady."

The ranger shook his head and said:

"No, no, Peg, we can make no such promises. If you have any desire to save the young lady, you should turn out at once and give us your assistance. Besides we have other business of importance that we must attend to."

"Then you will not take my advice?"

"No."

"Your blood be upon your own heads."

With a wild cry she sprang toward the brook, leaped across it and disappeared.

## CHAPTER III.

## A HIDDEN HOME. NEW PERIL.

Buried in the midst of the wood was a large comfortable house built of logs. The logs were fully two feet through, notched and fitting so closely as to be almost air tight. There was an addition at the end of the house and the whole contained several apartments. The roof was made of logs split and hewn down with such excellent mechanical skill as to be almost perfectly tight. It was as much a blockhouse as a dwelling.

This strange fort-like building was not over five miles from the spot where we left Ned Todd and Archie Holland. Strange as it may seem the house had been erected in these woods five or six years before the opening of our story, and yet it was wholly unknown to either the white or Indian authorities. Again, and again had the United States soldiers raided the country, driving out boomers or quelling the war-like spirits of the Indians, but to them the home in the wild wood was unknown.

Near by it was a small field cleared and in cultivation. Turkeys, chickens and geese were about the place in abundance. The grunt of pigs could be heard in their sty. The dark wood which surrounded the strange house came quite up to the door.

It was near sundown, and a man past middle age was sitting in front of the door, his head drooping until his chin rested on his chest as if he were almost asleep. There was a sort of a shuffling rolling noise from within and a horrid creature came wriggling its way to the door. It was a man. His hair was almost white as snow, the beard was short and white and bushy, and the hands and feet from some misfortune or deformity were twisted and misshapen until they were almost useless.

He made no effort to walk, but crawled and wiggled his way along. He saw the sleeping man in the chair and chuckled and rolled over on the floor in a most idiotic manner.

Rapid steps, coming down the forest path awoke the sleeper, and he started up very much as a guard caught napping on his post of duty.

A man about thirty or thirty-five years of age came up to the door at a rapid walk. He was armed with rifle and pistols.

"Bryce," he said.

"Well, captain, yer're back."

"Yes," he answered, panting with exertion, while his eyes gleamed wild with excitement.

"Are the sojers comin'?" asked the guard, seizing the rifle that stood leaning against the wall of the cabin.

"No."

"What is it, then? Suthin' I know is goin' ter happen."

"Two strangers are comin' this way."

"Good, they'll stay here to-night?"

"Yes Bryce, and it's to be their last night on earth. I tried to get 'em to go around but they wouldn't do it. Where is Peg?"

"Out with her gun."

"Good. Have the boys been in with their prisoner?"

"Yes."

"It's agin' the rules, Capen."

"But this is a girl, and sometimes there is more money in a live girl than in a dead one. I don't want Peg to see her, and probably she will not come back until things can all be fixed. Aye, here they come now."

Three men were coming through the wood on horseback. On a fourth horse sat a beautiful girl with large black eyes and long dark hair. One could tell at once by the fact that her hands were tied that she was a captive.

Her face was deathly white and her eyes bore traces of weeping. It was Daisy Miller, whose father had been killed a few hours before by these desperadoes.

"Oh sir, let me go, do pray let me go!" she implored, as the captain of this terrible banditti lifted her from the horse as if she had been an infant.

"Wait here," he said to his men, and hurried with the terror-stricken, horrified Daisy into the house.

Upon the floor, kicking and rolling about in a most idiotic manner, was the cripple to whom we have before referred. At sight of the captive he increased his idiotic chuckles and kicked and screamed as if he were highly delighted at sight of her.

"Be quiet, Snap," said the captain of the banditti, administering a not very gentle kick in the side of the idiot, which quieted him at once.

"Come here, Miss, and now if ye will be quiet and behave yerself, ye shall be treated like a lady. But ef ye go ter kickin' out'n the harness, ye shall be put in the dungeon below."

"Oh sir, release me! You have killed my father, and now why should you want to harm me?"

"You shall be taken care of. Never mind now. In course of time you will find it all right."

With this unsatisfactory assurance he left her and went to where his three ruffians stood just outside of the house.

The captive took a quick survey of her prison and soon ascertained that escape was impossible. The windows were small and barred with iron bars, the doors were of massive oak, strengthened with iron bars on the inside, and bolted and locked on the outside.

The captain told his men to remain at a convenient distance from the house, but not come near unless summoned, until nightfall.

"Bryce," he said, addressing the guard at the door, "if they come, and I guess they will, you must pally the boomer, or squatter on 'em to-night."

"I'll do it Cap, don't ye be afraid of me," said Bryce.

"Take them in, and entertain them well. Put them in our guest chamber up stairs, and mind you they must never get away."

"He, he, trust me for that Cap," said Bryce with a demoniacal laugh. "But where will you be all the time, Cap?"

"In convenient call."

"Yer sure they're comin'?"

"There hain't no doubt of it; and now d'ye see that they don't get away."

The sun was just sinking in the west, as two men appeared in the road leading to the house.

"There they come, now, Bryce. I must go and transfer my lady to the dungeon, she might make a noise and in some way excite their suspicions." As he went hastily across the front room the idiotic cripple chuckled and giggled, and the bandit captain could not resist the temptation to pause and administer a severe kick in his side as he hastened to the room of the captive.

With little difficulty he conducted the pale, terror-stricken girl to the dungeon or cellar-like apartment beneath the house.

"Now if you cry out, or make any noise, I will gag you," he said.

"Go away and leave me alone and I will be quiet," she answered, plaintively.

"I will, but be sure that you make no noise down here, or you will have me back in a moment," and he bounded up the stone stairway, closing down and fastening the trap door as he went.

When Ned Todd and Archie Holland came in sight of the strange habitation, they both halted and gazed in wonder. The detective ranger was even more astonished than his companion.

"I never saw or heard of that house before," he said, "though it seems to have stood there for years."

"Who lives there?"

"I don't know."

"It must be a boomer."

"Very likely, perhaps we can here get lodging and rest for the night, if we dare risk it."

"Risk it? Why there can surely be no risk in it. We will have nothing to quarrel with an Oklahoma Boomer about."

"Yes we would be good friends if it is a boomer, but it might be somebody else."

"An Indian, then, if he is sufficiently civilized to build such a house, will be friendly to us."

It was with no little reluctance, however, that the two men approached the door, where the old man arose, and came out to meet them.

"Do you live here?" the ranger asked.

"Yes."

"Can we get lodgings for the night?"

"Wall stranger, it haint in old Al Burton's natur to turn away anybody who comes to his pore shanty. Seem' ez it's a good way from here to any other house, of course I'll take ye in and do the very best I kin with ye."

As they dismounted a peculiar chuckling and growling noise from within startled them. The noise seemed to have been made by some creature that was half animal and half human, and as the visitors gazed about in astonishment, Bryce or Burton as he called himself, said:

"Don't ye be skeered, it's only a crazy

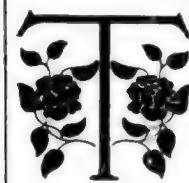
brother, who's a cripple from bein' froze."

Putting their horses in a sort of a corral, they went into the house where supper was soon prepared for them by the pretended boomer. It was dark before they sat down to partake of it. While at the table a pair of basilisk eyes glared at them from a narrow aperture, and Captain Snell, who was gazing unseen upon them, said to himself:

"It is he, I know him though it's years since I last saw his face, and he has changed greatly. It is Todd the frontier detective with him. Very good. There will be two fresh graves in my garden in the morning."

Don't wait until morning to subscribe to "Comfort" and get the next installment of this fascinating story in the March issue. If your subscription is about to expire or you are anxious to become a reader of "Comfort," now is the best time as these interesting serial detective stories will be a distinct feature, in addition to all the many interesting departments, and you will not want to miss a single copy. But all subscriptions must be paid in advance, so we call your attention to the opportunity of obtaining a two year renewal at the present 25c. rate by paying 10c. in advance for a 6 months' subscription. We shall add other features to "Comfort," continue serials after the ending of the "Ned Todd" story, and give you the biggest and best home monthly that is published. Fill out and send 10c. coupon now, (see coupon on page 12) so you will not miss a single chapter.

Perhaps you have a friend whom you can induce to subscribe to "Comfort," if so, see our special premiums offered for one new yearly subscriber.



HERE are innumerable ways in which one may enjoy himself provided he has money. But the question arises when one has very little of that necessity.

While I was on my vacation this summer I had an opportunity to see a house boat, and the occupants were getting as much pleasure (perhaps more) as the millionaires who steamed by them daily in their superb steam-yachts. House boats are made from all sorts of vessels and used in all kinds of waters, but this one was made from an old, tho' seaworthy, lumber vessel.

On deck was built a regular cabin twelve feet high and twenty-eight feet square, with three windows and a door.

Inside the cabin, in one end, partitioned off by a curtain of denim were three bunks built one above the other and at the other end of the cabin was the cook-stove. Aside from these necessities the little house was fitted up with Chinese lanterns and the walls hung with appropriate pictures for decoration and comfortable chairs. In tempests they make for harbors and in fair weather they hoist sail and cruise along the coast dropping anchor here and there for fishing. Taking it altogether for those who care for a quiet few weeks on the water there is nothing for comfort and convenience like a house boat.

LIONS are so easily bred in captivity that the importation has almost ceased, the only demand for imported ones being to keep up the stock of breeders. At one time an importer could count on getting \$5000 for a fine specimen.

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This ELEGANT Watch \$3.75

Before you buy a watch out this and send to us with your name and address, and we will send you by express for examination a beautiful WATCH and CHAIN C. O. D. \$3.75. Double quality case—beautifully engraved, fine watch and chain—steel with gold—swivel movement and guaranteed accurate. Quakeproof; with long Gold metal chain for Ladies or vest chain for Gents. If you consider it equal to any \$25.00 GOLD FILLED WATCH Warranted 20 YEARS for the express cost \$3.75 and 10c. in return. Our 2c. postpaid order with each watch. Send for full catalogues or Ladies' size. Address H. FAIRBANK & CO., 264 S. Dearborn St. CHICAGO.

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# A New Cure for Rheumatism

of which any suffering reader can have

## A 50 CENT BOX FREE!

It is now possible to be quickly cured of any form of rheumatism without having your stomach turned up-side-down or being half choked to death and made to vomit, and every sufferer from rheumatism should welcome this new and marvelous discovery with open arms and give it an honest trial. John A. Smith, Milwaukee, Wis., while apparently hopelessly sick with rheumatism, hit upon a combination of drugs and is generous enough to send a 50 cent box free to every sufferer who writes at once. It is a home treatment and will not keep you from your work.

As you know if you've tried them, every so-called rheumatic remedy on the market today, except this genuine cure, will cause you violent stomach pains and vomiting, and some of them are so dangerous they will cause heart trouble. And the worst of it is they never cure. When a person has rheumatism the constitution is so run down that he should be very careful what he puts into his stomach.

It therefore gives me pleasure to present a remedy that will cure every form and variety of rheumatism without one single unpleasant feeling. That remedy is

"GLORIA TONIC."

Before I decided to tell the world about the discovery of "Gloria Tonic" I had tried on hospital and sanitarium patients with perfect success. But some people never will believe anything until they know it from experience, so the best and quickest way is for you to write me that you want to be cured and I will send you a trial box of "Gloria Tonic" free of cost. No matter what your form of rheumatism is—acute, chronic, muscular, inflammatory, deformant, sciatic, neuralgia, gout, lumbago, etc., "Gloria Tonic" will surely cure you. Do not mind if other









## TALKS WITH GIRLS.

CONDUCTED BY  
COUSIN MARION.

Well, well, how swiftly the time flies, doesn't it? Here I have had hardly time to say "How d'y' do?" to you for the winter and this is the last month of the season. I hope you all had a pleasant New Year's and did not make any more resolutions than you could keep. But I must get to work, as all of you should do when there's work to be done.

The first question is from several of the cousins wanting to know what celandine is, as I gave it in a formula for a depilatory. Celandine is an herb of the poppy family, and my authority is the druggist, as yours must be; because we who do not know drugs must go to headquarters for information.

Chestnut, Fayetteville, O.—There is no set form for response to an introduction. Say what you please. (2) Consult your physician. (3) If you want to wait three years before marrying, tell the young man so. (4 and 5) Permit no familiarities. (6) A pretty, inexpensive scarfpin is always a nice present for a young man. (7) Eighteen is too young to marry. Wait at least two years. (8) The bridesmaid does not dress the same as the bride. (9) The man does not really love you and he is one you should avoid utterly.

Adelle, Washburn, Wis.—The questions you ask about what you should do in the society of young men show that you are too young yet for such society. (2) You can only break yourself from using slang by thinking before you speak.

Winter Rose, Devonshire, Eng.—If you really do not care for the young man and cannot marry him, you should not accept any attention from him except as from the most ordinary acquaintance. Seeing him as you do is encouraging him whether you mean it so or not.

Leonore, St. Louis, Mo.—Sixteen is at least four years too young to become engaged. Your half dozen questions, which I do not answer, would indicate that. Wait a little and watch the world.

The Sisters, Tipton, Iowa.—Custom is changing in the matter of wearing mourning. Crepe is seldom worn now, and if at all not longer than six months. Black the next six months, and black and white, with some heliotrope or lavender, the second year.

Pure Love, Wausa, Neb.—Fifteen is too young for society and too young for beaux. Keep to your school books for some time yet and you won't ask questions like those you ask now.

Blue Eyes, Wheeling, W. Va.—If you simply tell the young man you do not care to walk with him, that ought to be enough. If you so dislike to hurt his feelings, you shouldn't so dislike to walk with him. (3) If the one you like goes part of the way home with you he should go all the way.

Violet, St. Louis, Mo.—In this country of schools ignorance is as bad as vice, and an ignorant husband will make you as unhappy as a vicious one. If he will not learn, then do not marry him.

Three Girls, Hookrun, Ark.—No to all your questions except the last, and to that I would say that no nice girl would talk as you say this one does.

Dimple, Collinsville, Ills.—Brushing the eyebrows with a soft brush is good for them. I know of no cure for a red nose except care in your eating and drinking. Any reputable druggist can supply you with the best dentifrices. As to those young men, you will have to work out that problem yourself, unless they will help you.

Miss Jack Frost, Fairview, Ind.—There is no need to worry about eyes that do not match in color. One of the prettiest girls I ever saw had a blue eye and a brown one. (2) December 25th, 1882, fell on Monday.

Pearl Dew, Oak Grove, Ind.—Zerubbabel is a Bible word meaning "scattered in Babylon." (2) You may do as you please about shaking hands when introductions are made. It is pleasant to do so.

Lily and Belle, Cumberland, R. I.—Be frank with the young men and tell them you cannot accept their attentions.

Hyacinth, Roscommon, Mich.—There is no truth in fortune telling with cards.

Apple Blossom, North Hope, Pa.—A girl of twenty-two ought to know pretty well which of two men to choose, but as you say you do not, my advice is for you to wait until you are sure.

Pansie, Berkshire, Vt.—You will have to consult the astrologers. The full meaning of Good By is God be with you. (2) Blue is true, Yellow is forsaken, green is jealousy, white is purity.

Olive, St. Louis, Mo.—Ask him to wait until you are twenty-four. If he truly loves you he will.

Ivanhoe, Greencastle, Ind.—Some latitude is allowed engaged couples, but do not be too free. (2) I should say a lady of forty was rather old for a man of thirty-five, but all ages are the same to Love.

Wild Rose, Garfield, Iowa.—Your mother is quite right about girls of your age and beaux. Consult her always on that subject and believe her. (2) The President has not yet completed his cabinet.

Blue Belle, Ravenna, Neb.—I think it will be all right for the young man to take you to town on Sunday night, but why should he "rest his arm on the back of the buggy seat?" Is his arm tired?

Sweet Sixteen, Macon, Ga.—Yes, marriage is a failure when girls of your youth and dippancy become wives. Wait until you are older and more serious.

Duchess, Hyde, La.—If the young man does not care, or choose, to answer your letter, don't give it a second thought. (2) It isn't very nice to send such a doll as a Christmas present.

Pansy and Rose, Scatterwood Crossing, S. D.—Yes, and not desirous of a change.

Rae and Mae, Topeka, Kans.—The style that prevails in Topeka. (2) With the consent of your parents, only. (3) Any color that is not loud will match your hair and complexion. (4) If your parents do not care.

Queen, Ontario, Can.—Yes, you might take your sister's place in both cases you mention. (2) Ignore the young man and do not accept the attentions he proffers.

Blonde, Benham, Tex.—I believe the correct thing to do in recognizing a serenader is to put a light in the window. If you are prepared, it is pleasant to invite the serenaders in to refreshments, but this is not usual. (2) Keep all married men at a distance.

Bess, Weir, Kans.—Your druggist can tell you better than I. Ask him.

There, my dears, all your questions are answered directly or indirectly, and I hope you will be profited as much as I am pleased to answer them. By, until the winds of March do blow.

COUSIN MARION.

## ABSENT-MINDED HESEKI' SHAW.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY HOLMAN F. DAY.

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The heedlesst critter that I ever saw. As numb-skulled as tophet, was Hesekei' Shaw. Was always forgettin' what he was about! We people 'round town kind o' thought he was "out".

He always was doin' some back-ended trick: One time when he wanted to break off a stick, He laid it right over the mouth of the well And jumped on the middle; it broke and he fell! 'Twas lucky that some of the neighbors were 'round.

Or the tom-swatted fool would 'a' sartin been drowned.

Walked out of a second floor window on air, —Was intendin' to build a pi-azy roof there— Forgot till he flammed on the ground nearly kilt. That the roof was jest notion and hadn't been built, Was mendin' a stall in the linter one day And was poundin' and bangin' and nailin' away, When all of a sudden the fust thing he knew Whang-bang, through the side of the tie-up he flew.

He somehow or other was tryin' to nail To the wall of the linter a cow's wiggin' tail. Said later he thought 'twas a battening strip, But he knowed that it wa'n't when she fetched him that clip.

A feller was down on the road haulin' freight And he came across Shaw who had held up to bait. That critter was thinkin' and munchin' away, His eyes off on space and his mouth full of hay, While the hosses stood droolin' as hungry as crows,

With doughnuts and biskits spread under their nose.

Wal, that was the style of the dough-head, I swan! —Absentest mindedest sort of a man! Never staid 'round with the gang at the store, 'D ruther set off by himself; and he'd more Thund'r in old papers and tinker-scotch 'round Than a hoss with a windlass could 'hist off the ground.

So he doddere 'round home till he wore his folks out:

But I guess they'd 'a' kept him his life time, 'thout doubt,

If, once when the minister called at the house, He hadn't stirred up such a terrible touse. His father'n the elder were waitin' for tea And were talkin' away jest as busy's could be, Hesekei' stubbed in with a light in his hand That his mother had told him to set down on the stand.

He sat down the lamp on the minister's head And it liked to burned up the caboose, so they said.

While the minister out, and he ran for a mile With his whiskers burned off and his clothes drip-pin' ile.

The dad—wal, he rose and he set Hesekei' Right up in the boot-trade and kicked him so high That he wasn't seen 'round when the hoorah cool-downed,

Jest dropped out of sight—disappeared from the town.

The critters that always have over such clack Said He's got to goin'—forgot to come back!

Ever heard of him since? Say, you see that 'ere hall,

That great handsome buildin'? Wal, stranger, they call

That buildin' "The Shaw". 'Twas a gift to the place.

Hesekei'! Not a bit! 'Twas his young brother Ase Gave the thing to the town and it carries his name;

—He's the one of the Shaws that has got all the fame.

It was this way, you see: Hesekei' all them years While he stubbed around daffy was thinkin' up gears

And patent contraptions so handy and slick That later the mill-man grabbed onto them quick.

But Ase was the feller! You see, Hesekei' Stubbed 'er up to the city, looked 'round, made a try,

Got the mill-folks excited and then of course he Went to chemin' and plannin' as hard as could be.

—Walked 'round in a trance wusser'n ever, 'twas said,

With those gears and contrivances jammed in his head,

Then he blowed out the gas at the tavern, died there,

And was taken back home in a box marked "With Care".

Then Ase took them patents—went at it in style, And slick as a whistle he cleaned up his pile.

And the most of the world never heard of nor saw The real chap who done it—that Hesekei' Shaw.

For Ase scooped the name and the fame and the tin,

—That's the way of the world, ye know, time, time again.

I was in at a seance soon after Hes died ' And the meejum got word of him. Said he had tried

To squeeze past St. Peter—he couldn't, though 'cause

To save his blamed soul couldn't tell who he was. Meejum said he was sittin' there outside the gate

—And he's sittin' there yet—got to loaf 'round and wait

Till some one from this way, who's knowin' the same,

Comes past so's to tell him his town and his name.

## \$10 DRESSES ANY MAN

Complete from HEAD to TOE in latest Style FREE SAMPLES and Measurement Blanks.

TO INTRODUCE DIRECT TO THE WEARER OUR CUSTOM TAILORING we will make the first ten thousand suits absolutely to measure sent us for only \$10 and give the following complete outfit FREE.

ACTUALLY \$23 value for only \$10 and nothing to pay till after you receive the suit and free outfit and find it just as represented. Send us your name and post office address, and we will send you FREE SAMPLES OF CLOTH, 5-foot tape line & measurement blank for size of Suit, Hat, Shirt and Shoes.

A GENUINE CHEVIOT Suit made to measure in the latest English Sack style, well made and durably trimmed, such a suit as some tailors charge..... \$20.00

A Dunlap block, Derby or Fedora Hat..... 2.50

A pair of stylish Lace Shoes, the new queen last..... 1.50

A Porcelain Shirt, with Collar and Cuffs attached..... 1.50

A Neck Silk Four-in-hand Necktie or Bow..... .50

A pair of fancy Web Elastic Suspenders..... .50

A Japanese Silk Handkerchief..... .50

A pair of fancy Lisle Thread Socks..... .50

Thousands of American citizens pay daily for this..... \$29.00

DON'T DELAY—After having filled 10,000 orders our prices for these suits will be \$30 and NO FREE ARTICLES.

GENTS' COMPLETE OUTFITTING CO., C-111 Adams Street Chicago, Ill.

Reference: Metropolitan Nat'l Bank, Chicago; Cap. \$1,000,000. Please mention COMFORT when you write.

**LADY AGENTS WANTED** To sell CON- SETS, TAILOR-MADE SKIRTS AND PETTICOATS. Write for Catalogue and terms to CONSEDINE MFG. CO., Dept. T, St. Louis, Mo.

**LADIES** Something new making sofa pillows at some \$7 to \$15 weekly; materials furnished; no canvassing; steady work. Send stamped addressed envelope. Household Mfg. Co., Erie St., Chicago.

Any man willing to MARRY a PLAIN Lady worth \$147,000, who will give husband \$5,000.00 cash on wedding day, may send his address to M. L. S. S., 821 CLIMAX Office, CHICAGO.

**STEADY HOME WORK** for ladies. No canvassing; no worthless outfit to buy. Send stamped envelope to Dickey Mfg. Co., Dickey Building, Chicago, Ill.

**WANTED** Young men to learn telegraphy. Situations soon as qualified. F. WHITEMAN, Chatham, N. Y.

**IOWA FARMS \$4 PER ACRE** CASH BALANCE 1 CROP TIL PAID. MULHALL, Sioux City, Ia.

**THIS HANDSOME COUCH FREE.** No Money Required. We Pay the Freight. Here is our new plan. To every lady who tells 20 cans of our Columbia Baking Powder, etc. (on our Plan No. 89), giving free to each purchaser, a beautiful Glass Pitcher, and 6 glasses, we give this handsome upholstered Couch free. It is over 6 feet long & over 2 feet wide; fitted with 26 tempered steel springs on a strong wood base. Covered with beautiful Damask, and Fringed on bottom. Remember, every one of your friends receives a handsome Water Set free with every purchase. No trouble at all to take orders this way. No money required in advance. Simply send your name and address and we will send you our order blank, plans, etc. We will send you this Couch, Baking Powder, etc., and allow you time to deliver goods & collect the money before paying us one cent. You run no risk.

as we pay the freight, & will trust you. Write to-day. KING MFG. CO., No. 227 King Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

**\$1,000.00 IN GOLD FREE!**

**THE PARROT HAS ESCAPED FROM THE CAGE—TRY TO FIND HIM**

Boys and girls over twelve years of age who will cut out this picture and mark plainly with pencil or pen the missing bird (if they can find it) MAY SHARE IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF \$1,000.00 WHICH WE ARE GIVING AWAY IN FIVE MONTHLY PREMIUMS for doing a little work for us. This is a contest where both brains and energy count. We are determined to make the name of our charming monthly magazine a household word, and we take this novel plan of advertising. This and other most liberal offers are made to introduce one of the most entertaining New York magazines into every home of the United States and Canada. WE DO NOT WANT ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY. There is only one condition, which should take less than one hour of your time, which we will write you as soon as your answer is received. After you have found the missing parrot, send it to us at once. It may take an entire evening, but it will pay you to STICK TO IT AND TRY TO GET YOUR SHARE OF THE \$1,000.00. A sample copy of our MAGAZINE WILL BE SENT FREE to everyone answering this advertisement. Try to solve this puzzle. Do not delay. Send your answer in immediately. We positively guarantee that this Missing Parrot can be found. Of course, like all problems, it will require some thought, patience and time. But the reward is well worth striving for, especially when we do not ask you to send us any money with your answer. The golden prizes of life are being gained by brains and energy nowadays. Lazy people and the drones and idlers are always complaining of bad luck. Now here is a GOLDEN CHANCE for anyone who will strive hard and the pleasing part of it is that it does not cost you one cent outside of the letter you send us. Our magazine will please you. It delights us to please our readers. We are continually giving away large sums of money in different contests, as we find it is the very best kind of advertising. Try and Win. If you find the parrot and send the slip with it marked thereon to us at once, who knows but what you will get the gold? Anyway, we do not want any money from you, and a puzzle like this is very interesting. As soon as we receive your answer we will at once write you and you will hear from us by return mail. We have you will try for it, as we shall give the \$1,000.00 away anyway. Do not delay. Write at once. Address THE ROBINSON PUB. CO., 22 NORTH WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK CITY.

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Boys and girls over twelve years of age who will cut out this picture and mark plainly with pencil or pen the missing bird (if they can find it) MAY SHARE IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF \$1,000.00 WHICH WE ARE GIVING AWAY IN FIVE MONTHLY PREMIUMS for doing a little work for us. This is a contest where both brains and energy count. We are determined to make the name of our charming monthly magazine a household word, and we take this novel plan of advertising. This and other most liberal offers are made to introduce one of the most entertaining New York magazines into every home of the United States and Canada. WE DO NOT WANT ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY. There is only one condition, which should take less than one hour of your time, which we will write you as soon as your answer is received. After you have found the missing parrot, send it to us at once. It may take an entire evening, but it will pay you to STICK TO IT AND TRY TO GET YOUR SHARE OF THE \$1,000.00. A sample copy of our MAGAZINE WILL BE SENT FREE to everyone answering this advertisement. Try to solve this puzzle. Do not delay. Send your answer in immediately. We positively guarantee that this Missing Parrot can be found. Of course, like all problems, it will require some thought, patience and time. But the reward is well worth striving for, especially when we do not ask you to send us any money with your answer. The golden prizes of life are being gained by brains and energy nowadays. Lazy people and the drones and idlers are always complaining of bad luck. Now here is a GOLDEN CHANCE for anyone who will strive hard and the pleasing part of it is that it does not cost you one cent outside of the letter you send us. Our magazine will please you. It delights us to please our readers. We are continually giving away large sums of money in different contests, as we find it is the very best kind of advertising. Try and Win. If you find the parrot and send the slip with it marked thereon to us at once, who knows but what you will get the gold? Anyway, we do not want any money from you, and a puzzle like this is very interesting. As soon as we receive your answer we will at once write you and you will hear from us by return mail. We have you will try for it, as we shall give the \$1,000.00 away anyway. Do not delay. Write at once. Address THE ROBINSON PUB. CO., 22 NORTH WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK CITY.

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We are always telling what an interesting magazine is COMFORT and the vast number of subscribers that are regularly reading it is proof positive that those once interested are always a subscriber, making it very easy for a club raiser to obtain renewals. The most attractive features of COMFORT are indeed valuable to every reader, no trashy matter appears in its columns in any manner and all departments are edited with care and thought of the wants of our readers. The Five Nutshell Stories are always clean, wholesome and very interesting, the whole page of Music is also an attractive feature as the selection is always something new and popular. Then the classified departments are in themselves a whole study, and the topics are as well handled as in magazines costing \$1.00 or \$2.00 per year. "What Women Wear and How to Make It" gives the latest fashion news also valuable information for home dressmaking. Palmistry is ably handled and this department has fully as many admirers as any portion of COMFORT. Astrology is also a very fascinating study and this feature is made attractive by the monthly forecasts arranged in daily advice form. "Aunt Minerva and Her Owls," "Comfort's Busy Bees" and the Talk With Girls by "Cousin Marion" are other features that will be maintained through 1902 with the usual additions embracing subjects and topics of interest to every one. Taking all in all it is the people's paper at the people's popular price, as its matter is original, copyrighted and cannot be found elsewhere. It is regularly read by more people than any other publication of any kind anywhere. Its prize features interest, instruct and enrich old and young. You should interest yourself in furthering the circulation of COMFORT and to this end we make liberal inducements at this time that should attract you and every other reader. We provide every facility to good canvassers and make it plain easy sailing for you.

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It is recognized as the greatest authority the world over. It gives minutely and in the

simplest language the habits, haunts, diseases, and peculiarities of the entire Animal Kingdom. This great work is by the world-famous naturalist, Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S., author of several other celebrated works on Animal Life, but none gives so great a fund of information as this one, now published for the first time in America.

The clear and descriptive text of the writer is embellished with engravings by such eminent Artists as WOLF, WEIS, COLEMAN, ZWECKER, HARVEY, and others nearly as noted.

## A MONSTER MENAGERIE.

A Panorama of Life-Like Pictures  
A Complete Zoology and Mammoth Cyclopaedia.

### ALL IN ONE VOLUME.

No matter how many books you may have, your library is incomplete without this Household Treasure. No home is properly equipped without the Standard Natural History of the World, which is Wood's. As a book of reference and instruction it is as important as Webster's Dictionary, and it possesses this attractive advantage over a dictionary or school-book—every line of it is entertaining.

Not since the art of printing was invented has an opportunity like this occurred in this or any other country for securing, practically free, a copy of a work which everybody needs and everybody wants. And so fortunate a combination of Hard Time circumstances is not likely to occur again.

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Under the exclusive free offer printed below, the name of every subscriber to Comfort has, through the generosity of the publishers, been placed upon the Roll of Honor Premium list, which will enable every patron of this most popular publication in the Union to at once own a complete copy of this masterpiece, without paying one cent for it. And by doing a little wide-awake Comfort canvassing among friends, neighbors, and relatives, a person can easily secure a dozen or even a score or more additional free copies, all of which he can without trouble dispose of for cash, as so unheard-of a bargain as this book presents is snapped up on sight.

### A FEW WORDS MORE.

It is impossible to give in this announcement more than a slight idea of the magnitude of this great History, with its myriad pictures and accurate descriptions. It virtually goes into the haunts of all animals and shows them as they live.

Wood's Natural History is the recognized authority all over the world for accurate information regarding the habits, haunts, peculiarities, and diseases of the Animal Kingdom.

The work is a veritable treasure-house of valuable information, interestingly told, and replete with hundreds of accurate and artistic illustrations.

This mammoth Cyclopaedia of the Animal World consists of over eight hundred pages and is substantially bound in stiff paper covers. Size of open book, 8 x 11 inches, and nearly 2 inches thick. It is in clear print on good paper, with five hundred excellent illustrations by special artists.

## A Lioness for Breakfast!

### A Zebra for Dinner!!

"A small herd of zebras was quietly feeding on a plain, all unconscious of the stealthy approach of several lions, which were creeping towards them in regular order, under cover of a dense reed thicket. So quietly did the lions make their advance that their progress was unnoticed even by the zebra-sentinel. The lions crept on, until they reached the thicket, when the sentinel took the alarm. It was too late—with a single bound, the leading lion sprang over the reeds, felled one of the zebras, and set the others scampering so as to fall an easy prey to his companions."

"Early one morning, one of our herdsmen announced that a lion was devouring a lioness, only her skull, the larger bones, and the skin were left. On examining the ground more closely, the fresh remains of a young spring-bok were also discovered. We therefore conjectured that the lion and lioness, being very hungry, and the antelope not proving a sufficient meal for both, had quarrelled; and he, after killing his wife, had coolly eaten her also."

This is from page 136. Every one of the book's 500 illustrations is by an eminent artist, and the facts contained on every one of its 800 pages would be cheap at one dollar each, having cost more than a hundred times that sum.

## A Giant Among Giants!

### 125 Feet Long!!

The huge Rorqual, says this most wonderful of all books on page 828, roams the Arctic seas at will, being seldom molested by hunters, and scarcely ever captured. The bulk of this animal is greater than that of any other whale, some specimens reaching a length of 125 feet. It is sometimes mistaken for the Greenland Whale and harpooned, but it is seldom killed. On one occasion the Rorqual started off in a direct line and at such a speed that the men lost their presence of mind and forgot to cut the rope that connected the whale with the boat. Making directly for a neighboring ice-field, the Rorqual shot under it and drew the boat with all its crew beneath the ice, where they disappeared forever from the gaze of mankind.

On its 800 large, closely printed pages the book recounts hundreds and hundreds of thrilling adventures with and hair-breadth escapes from marine monsters and beasts of the forest of every kind and every land. Although several days and nights are required to read it through at one sitting, no one who once takes it up wishes to lay it down until it is finished. And all—young and old—want to refer to it again and again for knowledge and entertainment.

The picture of the attractive gentleman holding the above book is copied from this wonderful work, and is, according to Prof. Darwin, the likeness of one of your ancestors.

Are you descended from a monkey? Whether or not you believe in the theory of evolution, you can doubtless select people from among your acquaintances who would seem to you to be descended either from a monkey or that more humble domestic animal popularly known as the mule. Before you decide this question of heredity, however, you should read about the entire monkey race in this book, which is the best authority in the world on this subject. There are several hundred varieties of monkeys, all as different from each other as the Esquimaux is different from the South Sea Islander, or the citizen of New York from the wild Hottentot. As Horace Greeley used to say, "This is mighty interesting reading." There are stories both comical and pathetic of the remarkable intelligence of the monkey tribe. There are descriptions of bald-headed monkeys, long-haired monkeys, long-tailed monkeys, and no-tailed monkeys; monkeys as big as a man and monkeys no bigger than a kitten. And there are hundreds and hundreds of interesting and instructive tales of other animals besides monkeys. So, whether or not your remote great-grandfather was a monkey, you should not neglect this opportunity to decide for yourself.

Why pay out your money to take the whole family to the circus when you can have a menagerie of the whole world's animals at home? Most large cities have their Zoological Gardens where wild beasts may be seen, or their exhibitions of trained animals or winter circuses. In the summer the country is travelled over by menageries which it costs a family several dollars to see. With this marvellous book every one can study the habits and look at the life-like pictures of all the animals in the world, at any time and at no expense. While as a guide to those



visiting the Zoological Gardens or Circus it is invaluable. The countless anecdotes which it contains will make merry many a long winter evening, and the hundreds of pages of thrilling adventures which those daring people who traverse mountain and morass, jungle and desert, to learn the habits of the animal kingdom undergo, will furnish true, heartfelt enjoyment to every member of the family—young and old.

As the book contains full descriptions of all domestic animals, also, with treatment and cures for their diseases, no farmer should be without it, and as the list embraces everything, from the gnat to the giraffe, the bat to the bear, the mouse to the mastodon, the coyote to the cactus, no boy, no hunter, no student—in fact, nobody should neglect this grandest of all offers.

So thrilling and exciting are many of these adventures as to equal the wildest tales of the tropics, or the most blood-curdling ghost story; and yet they are all true, being the transcripts of personal experiences of noted travellers. Not only are they of sufficient importance to amuse and instruct the young, but they will absorb the attention and pass away many a dull hour for the old and world-worn reader; while every teacher in the land should provide herself or himself with the means of allaying that eager thirst for information which characterizes all young and restless minds. As a supplementary reader for schools, nothing could excel Wood's Natural History; because, in the first place, it will so absorb the attention of every scholar as to keep him interested in his work; and, in the second place, it is so instructive as to be well-nigh indispensable. And this is why every teacher and every scholar in the land should avail themselves of this unparalleled offer.

## OUR BIG OFFERS TO COMFORT SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.

Three Ways to Obtain this Great Book FREE.

**1st Offer.** To every person who will extend their subscription to COMFORT for two years, at 25c. per year (50 cents paying to 1904), we will send a copy of this great work, mail or express charges all paid if 20 cents extra is enclosed to help pay packing and other book expenses. As Wood's Natural History weighs nearly two pounds, and as it would cost you 32 cents to mail that weight of merchandise, it is only that we—as publishers—are enabled to furnish this Great Book at such unheard-of low rates in connection with our Prize Story Magazine, COMFORT.

**2d Offer.** If you will secure only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents per year, we will send a copy of the book prepaid if 10c. additional is sent for packing expenses as above.

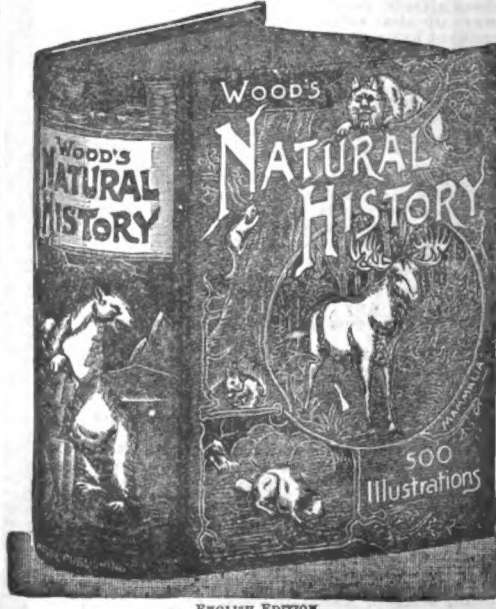
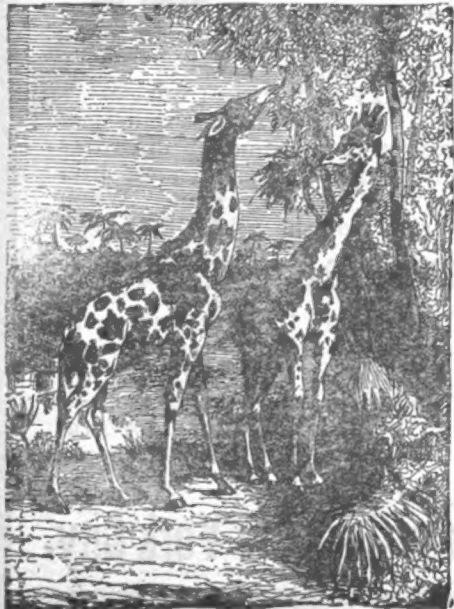
**3d Offer. ABSOLUTELY FREE.** To any one sending a club of only three yearly subscribers to COMFORT, at 25 cents each, we will send this Book FREE without any additional expense to you whatever. Thus for a few minutes' time devoted to work that can but be a pleasure you get this wonderfully interesting 800-page Book for absolutely nothing, and many persons by getting up several clubs of three each have made money fast, as for every three subscribers thus obtained we send a complete copy of Wood's Natural History, which anybody can easily sell. Thus an agent, who can devote a few hours to the work each day, can readily make money selling the Books.

Before the publication of this First American Edition the book has always sold in cloth for \$6.00. It is therefore evident that our offer is one of exceptional value, and should be taken advantage of at once. You may not see such an offer again. There is only one edition like the above. It is published exclusively to be offered as a premium and cannot be had in the book-stores. It is printed on good paper, from clean, clear type, and forms a library all by itself.

All those who have solicited subscribers for other papers say it is surprising how much easier it is to get people to subscribe for COMFORT. Although it costs but 25 cents a year, they all say it is really worth one dollar, and that is the reason it has obtained the largest circulation of any paper in the world. There is no other publication like it anywhere. Don't fail to send your subscription this month.

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ENGLISH EDITION.





CONDUCTED BY REGULUS.



HE Sun touches the first point of the celestial sign Aries this year at about 9 minutes past 8 o'clock in the morning of the 21st of March, Washington Mean Time, when a new Astrological year begins. A figure of the heavens erected for that moment of time shows Saturn just past the south meridian on which the 29th degree of Capricorn is found. The 17th degree of Taurus will be rising and Venus is, therefore, "Lady of the year." She is found highly elevated, in the 10th house, only a few degrees removed from the great benefic Jupiter which is also powerfully placed in the 10th house.

Mercury is in the 11th house; Herschel in the 8th; the Moon in the 5th; and Neptune in the 2nd house. At the moment the Sun crosses the line it will be just upon the cusp of the 12th house and nearly conjoined with the fiery Mars.

Venus being ruler of the scheme and placed in the 10th house, indicates, as the Astrological authorities tell us, that "Men shall be in a happy and prosperous condition; that the year shall be successful and plentiful; that joy and gladness will be occasioned by the ruler and superiors; that the year will be successful and advantageous unto women who shall be free generally from infirmities and mischances; and that the people shall delight themselves in recreations, sports and feasts."

One element of mischief is observable in the figure's indications. Saturn's closeness to the meridian together with the near conjunction of Mars to the Sun on the 12th cusp, cautions the Chief Executive of the Nation against treacherous machinations of pretended political friends and invites unusual care in the handling of fire-arms and in all indulgences in sports and pastimes. True, the presence of both the benefics in the 10th house contends the mischief and may prevent serious harm, but it will be wise to exercise prudence and caution in the particulars pointed out.

It is apprehended that the fiery Mars will cause some bad fires in the latter days of March and June, this year, in some hotel, school, or place of entertainment or amusement. The fire losses in the city of Philadelphia are likely to be greater or more disastrous than usual and the fire authorities there should be more than usually vigilant. At the time of this ingress, seven of the heavenly bodies will be above the earth and the figure is a strong one in promises of general advancement of the country's interests and the welfare of the whole nation.

## CELESTIAL CALENDAR FOR MARCH, 1902.

**MARCH 1-Saturday.** The month opens with an excellent day for the transaction of all honorable business. Use the middle hours of the day for replenishing thy stock in trade and for dealings with bankers, brokers, agents, ecclesiastics and persons of wealth and means; seek money accommodations, make collections, and adjust accounts.

**2-Sunday.** Be master of thy tongue during the middle hours of this day or quarrels and unpleasantness come; the time is excitable and hasty words and acts should be avoided; let no offence be given to persons in authority in any walk in life; the evening is the best part of the day, particularly for social conversations and polite entertainments.

**3-Monday.** Actively pursue all engagements relating to the world of letters; deal with printers, book-sellers, mathematicians, accountants, lecturers, auctioneers, lawyers, commercial travellers and clerks in trade; do important correspondence and attend to all educational enterprises; hire servants and travel.

**4-Tuesday.** Deal with public officers and persons in places of trust and confidence; seek favors from their employer or from persons in authority.

**5-Wednesday.** The first half of this day contributes unusual energy and enterprise and invites activity in all the walks of life, but especially for the machinist, engineer, manufacturer and trader in machinery and mechanical and chemical appliances of all kinds; deal in metals, cattle, hardware, fire-arms and chemicals and drugs; but as the afternoon advances baffling conditions prevail likely to hinder the progress of enterprise or any satisfactory results in new matters then begun; have no transactions relating to houses or lands or their improvement.

**6-Thursday.** The first two-thirds of the day are not to be depended upon for gain or progress in the general affairs of life, being likely to present features of controversy or opposition in efforts then put forth; the late afternoon and evening are, however, highly commended and promise favorable results to all honorable undertakings; attend to matters of wealth and solicit financial advantages as the day draws to its close.

**7-Friday.** A superior day for all the literary undertakings and the elegant pursuits; poetical, musical and dramatic works are favored; social affairs and all entertainments that please have happy results at this time; favorable for copyrights, trademarks, patents, printing, and correspondence; write letters to public officers and government employees and generally crowd all mental efforts especially those pertaining to the polite arts and the decorative works of life.

**8-Saturday.** Urge all honorable pursuits to the utmost during the forenoon hours, as the afternoon is less promising of good results.

**9-Sunday.** The mind will be inclined towards the elegant in literature and the imagination will be active; there are but few conditions, however, which conduce to religious fervor or excitement.

**10-Monday.** Disputes are likely to mar the events of the morning and forenoon unless the tongue be held well under control, particularly in the lives of persons born about the 18th of March or June, or the 14th of September or December, of past years. Such persons are likely to be in some considerable excitement, with disagreement or controversies in their affairs, or to be affected in matters of health, according to the part of the day in which born. All such will be wise to be patient under existing difficulties, practicing moderation and prudence under all circumstances; the noon hours of this day are to be preferred over the others for attending to any business concerned with houses or lands or mines or mining rights.

**11-Tuesday.** Actively pursue thy several vocations during all of this day, giving preference to the forenoon for the transaction of business with banks or wealthy persons and for purchases of goods to be sold again; mental efforts are not likely to be very satisfactory or the literary labors as effective during the forenoon; the afternoon and evening encourage all the artistic works and promise happy results for all social gatherings and general amusement.

**12-Wednesday.** The noon hours are rather baffling and disappointing and forbid the bargaining for houses or lands or any agricultural products or advantages; the morning hours should be used for urging correspondence and all literary work of consequence. The time is quite unfavorable for persons born as indicated in the 10th paragraph and they are invited to exercise unusual caution in all their undertakings; they should not now sever business connections nor enter upon any new enterprise at this time in their life; married men, if born, are likely to be now suffering from the misfortune or misconduct of their marital partners or from their male relatives and they are cautioned to be very discreet and prudent in all they do or say more than usual unhappiness will result; inducements will disrupt many betrothal bonds and cause sadness and regret unless great care is exercised.

**13-Thursday.** Do not choose this day for buying goods to sell again; speculators should refrain from ventures if they would avoid losses; begin nothing of importance; make no contracts especially about houses and lands; be careful of drawing thy purse-strings and attach but little significance to verbal promises to pay.

**14-Friday.** An excellent day for the general undertakings of life, though the literary vocations and contract-writing are adversely affected; postpone engagements with artists, mathematicians, press-writers and scholars; bargain for lands and houses; make arrangements for improvement of real estate, and deal with aged persons, the agricultural classes and manufacturers and mechanics; surgical operations and chemical experiments will in general succeed; consult thy dentist; trade in cattle, machinery, hardware and cutlery.

**15-Saturday.** Very favorable for the major enterprises of life in the forenoon of this day; make purchases for trade and speculate in stocks and securities, although in this extraordinary method of money getting the nativity should be more directly relied upon; and seek favors and money accommodations.

**16-Sunday.** Avoid the society of eccentric persons and do not engage the mind in metaphysical discussions or antiquarian researches; peculiarity of sentiment and address of expression will mark the pulpit discourse of the day, especially where the utterances are extemporaneous in character.

**17-Monday.** This day improves as it advances; urge all important matters pertaining to houses, lands, mines, or their products and to agriculture during the middle hours of the day; purchase lumber, coal, wood, farm products and farming implements, and crowd all the routine matters in life.

**18-Tuesday.** Defer thy correspondence of the morning until the middle hours of the day; but have care in all thou shalt do in the afternoon and evening when baffling circumstances arise that defeat success or give disappointment.

**19-Wednesday.** During the forenoon let every energy be given to the prosecution of business with manufacturers, mechanics and all in charge of great public works of construction; consult thy dentist; engage in surgery, experiment in chemistry, trade in cattle or metals; seek favor from executive authorities in city, state or nation; keep a firm hold upon the purse strings as the afternoon advances making purchases only to meet peremptory demands and refusing to oblige thyself in money matters.

**20-Thursday.** On this day the patience is short and the combative principle in man is peculiarly active and disputes and contention easily arise; seek no favor from public officers nor from persons having authority over thee; the afternoon and evening are poor for musical and artistic matters and do not encourage the purchase of dress or fancy goods or articles of decoration; the evening is peculiarly unfavorable for musical and artistic conversations or executions; avoid the fair sex and beware of unusual indulgences of palate or appetite.

**21-Friday.** Urge thine engagements of this day most vigorously during the forenoon, but merchants should transact business very cautiously during the afternoon; avoiding if possible the signing of contracts, note or other important writing and postponing correspondence concerning matters of magnitude; it will be well for all, in the absence of more definite information, to exercise the greatest care during these coming two or three weeks, and especially on the particular days hereinafter indicated, to avoid the occurrence of bad fire, explosions and accidents from the brute creation and from machinery and chemicals, as conditions conspire to increase inflammation, excitement, combustion and chemical activity, and more than usual physical harm and property loss is threatened.

**22-Saturday.** This day invites the prosecution of artistic and musical labors and promises pleasure and enjoyment from social gatherings and from musical and dramatic entertainments.

**23-Sunday.** There is but little promise of good from this day, especially of assistance to the clergy, those connected with the church or from matters generally of an ecclesiastical nature; fires in churches should be carefully watched. The noon of this day inaugurates a very malevolent train of influences covering 24 hours in which fires and explosions will be more frequent than usual and are likely to be very destructive and attended with unusual money losses; let all have care in this respect.

**24-Monday.** The morning is treacherous and excitable but as the noon is passed, conditions invite full activity in business matters; make purchases for trade and push dealings with banks and persons of means and prominence; urge collections and seek money favors and accommodations; keep out of disputes in the morning, nor be in haste to enter into new engagements.

**25-Tuesday.** This day favors all manner of engagements in connection with science and uncommon subjects, promoting metaphysical discourse and antiquarian researches; the first two-thirds of the day promotes success in the elegant vocations and encourages all engagements connected with the fine arts; consult thy tailor, dressmaker, milliner and all whose vocations aim at pleasing or gratifying mankind; the evening is unfortunate and cautions against making any kind of a contract concerning real estate or building.

**26-Wednesday.** Diligently use the first part of this day for the most important duties, particularly those connected with literary enterprises or with persons engaged in educational matters or in any of the literary walks in life; look carefully to the purse in the afternoon; loan no money and gauge thine expenditures by thine actual needs; do not make purchases of stock for trade nor bind thyself as surety for others.

**27-Thursday.** Urge all general routine matters and pursuits during the forenoon, but apply not for favor to thy superior in employment nor to persons in official stations in the latter part of the day when conditions are likewise adverse for paying court to the fair sex or for seeking pleasure in social or dramatic circles; cautionary signals are due here for the evening and night hours.

**28-Friday.** An excellent day for pursuits in connection with agriculture and for engaging with landlords and in all matters pertaining to lands and houses; deal in such commodities as coal, iron, petroleum, wood, lumber, lead, wool and grain and, with discretion, in mining and railway stocks, if thy nativity likewise favors; make contracts for building and repairing and deal with machinists, engineers, miners, and also persons in all fiduciary capacities.

**29-Saturday.** Be early astir, for the morning hours are golden for commercial men, woolen-dealers, clerks and bankers; choose the very early forenoon for buying merchandise for trade and transacting business with chemists, surgeons, bakers, iron and brass workers and carpenters; do no important correspondence nor hire or purchase lands or houses in the afternoon or evening, when no papers of consequence should be executed; mental labors are less effective and literary productions less satisfactory during the last half of this day.

**30-Sunday.** Rather a contentious Sabbath day, likely to invite aggressive pulpit discourse and theological debate and controversy also quarrels and disputes among persons in the mechanical trades; let all be guarded in the handling or care of fire, hot liquids, and chemicals and avoid accidents from such sources as well as from steam and electricity; choose the very early forenoon for persons born on or about the 12th or 30th of March, 1st of July, 14th of September, 3rd of October, or 29th of December, of past years; for such persons are now likely to be physically and mentally feverish and excitable; oversensitive in feeling; in thought, deed, or act should especially avoid travel or otherwise placing themselves in the way of harm or loss from accident or of danger from eruptive and inflammatory troubles; all excitement should be shunned particularly by such of these as recognize themselves to be constitutionally liable to apoplectic troubles.

**31-Monday.** A passive day in which local conditions contribute little impulse; improve vigorously the benevolent indications of thy nativity; the suggestions for the 30th instant apply with considerable force for the latter hours of this day and the beginning of the next.

## FREE TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS.

Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to curing the ailments of women, and relieving especially the pains of child-birth, also the cure of sterility. He has proved that it is not natural for women to suffer in giving birth to children, and will gladly send to all women a book which tells how to give birth to healthy children without pain. All women who wish to enjoy the blessing of motherhood will receive just the advice she needs to enable her to become a happy, healthy mother. This will cost absolutely nothing; your name and address sent to Doctor J. H. Dye, Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., will bring it postpaid. Write at once.

## MAIDEN'S BLUSH

FREE! Unique - phenomenal discovery. Illustrated Book and FREE sample box for stamp. JULES P. KOLLING & CO., Dept. 8, 416 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.

## MEN; BE STRONG!

You Can Be Cured of  
NERVOUS DEBILITY  
and LOST MANHOOD

BY

"CALTHOS"

Full 5 Days Treatment  
ABSOLUTELY FREE  
By Sealed Mail.

NO C. O. D. OR DEPOSIT SCHEME.



PROF. JULES LABORDE, DISCOVERER OF "CALTHOS."

For years the cry has gone up from hundreds and thousands of men, young and old, for a remedy that would rid them of the terrible result of early follies or excesses, or of the overwork and worry that sap the physical vitality.

The medical profession of this country seemed powerless to cope with the appalling and disastrous diseases and annoying weaknesses of men resulting from violation of Nature's laws.

## PROF. LABORDE'S WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

It remained for the eminent French authority, Prof. Jules Laborde, to conduct scientific inquiry into the cause and cure of Lost Vitality, Sexual Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Epilepsy, Impotency, and the world today acknowledges the supremacy of the wonderful remedy "CALTHOS." The Von Mohl Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, recognizing the commercial value of Prof. Laborde's discovery, secured the sole American rights for "CALTHOS," and through its agency thousands of men who suffered from sexual diseases and enfeebling nervous maladies have been restored to health and the virile powers of perfect manhood.

## THE VON MOHL CO.'S REMARKABLE OFFER.

We are now authorized, by The Von Mohl Company, to announce that every man who sends simply his name and address will be supplied absolutely free by sealed mail, with five-days full treatment of "CALTHOS." This is no C. O. D. or Deposit Scheme, and there is positively no condition attached to the offer. You need not give humiliating details regarding your trouble. You need not send one cent of money—not even a postage stamp. All

The Von Mohl Co., 944 B, Largest Importers of Standard Preparations in the United States. Cincinnati, O.

The Von Mohl Company desires is that you give the remedy a fair and thorough trial, and they are willing to stand all the expense connected with the trial to prove the faith in its merits.

## POWER OF "CALTHOS" PROVED.

The first day you take the treatment you will be benefited. The second day you will feel an improvement. The third day you will note an increase of strength. The fourth day will show a gain both mentally and physically. The fifth day you will feel like a new man. If you suffer from any form of Nervous Decline and Sexual Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Varicocele, Impotency, Night Sweats, Palpitation of the Heart, Nervousness, Confusion of Ideas, and Loss of Memory, you can positively be cured by "CALTHOS," but if the disease has progressed to the stage marked by the symptoms of Epilepsy, Consumption or Insanity, we cannot promise complete recovery.

## PROMPT ACTION IMPORTANT.

As you value your health, your happiness, your very life, do not delay beginning treatment. The Von Mohl Company has thousands of testimonials on file from persons who have taken the treatment, showing its marvelous restorative power.

The Company does not publish testimonials, and your correspondence is sacredly confidential. Many who take only the five-days free treatment write that they are entirely cured. For the sake of your family and friends, as well as for your own best interests, write to The Von Mohl Company for the free treatment by mail, in plain sealed package, at once.

## WHY WERE YOU BORN?

ASTROLOGY tells you the why whereof of all matters pertaining to you and your well-being.

To show you the powers of ASTROLOGY I will send you a personal typewritten HOROSCOPE OF YOUR LIFE FREE.

Send me your date of birth and 2c. return postage. My Readings have made thousands of people happy and prosperous for life and you will not regret it if you write to me. I give you my personal attention and treat all letters as confidential. Write at once, PROF. H. EDISON, T. ASTROLOGER, Birmingham, N. Y. — I AM KNOWN AS THE MOST EXPERT ASTROLOGER IN THE U. S. —



AURUM CO., Dept. BB, 85 State St., CHICAGO

ANY LADY Can Easily Make \$18 to \$25 weekly by representing us in her locality and as the position is pleasant and profitable the year round we will gladly send particulars free to all. Even your spare time is valuable. This is no deception, and if you really want to make money, address WOMAN'S MUTUAL BENEFIT CO., Box 17, JOLIET, ILL.

## FREE RUPTURE CURE

If ruptured write to Dr. W. S. Rice, 1019 Main St., Adams, N. Y., and he will send free a trial of his wonderful method. Whether skeptical or not get this free method and try the remarkable invention that cures without pain, danger, operation or detention from work. Write to-day. Don't wait.



## Sell Your Real Estate.

We want good City and Farm property in all parts of the U. S. and Canada. Send description and cash price, WINSLOW REALTY AND INVESTMENT CO., Sta. E., South Bend, Ind.

**MORPHINE-OPIMUM** and LAUDANUM HABITS cured by a painless home treatment, endorsed and used by leading physicians. A TRIAL TREATMENT sufficient to convince you, sent FREE, with book of testimonials sealed. Correspondence Confidential. OFA SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 10, CHICAGO



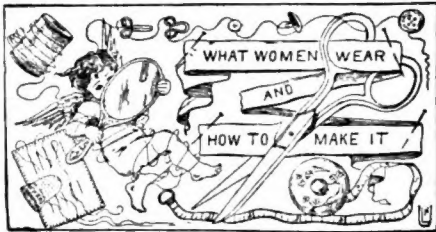
WATCH, together with a chain and charm, also a beautiful Venetian Diamond Ring, perfect in cut and lustre, for selling our remedy. Our watches are elegantly engraved, equal in appearance to a \$25. watch and fully guaranteed for years. Our 30-day proposition which is apart from the above. Send us your name and address, (no money) we send you 4 boxes of Dr. Thompson's Cough Tablets, sell them at 25c. per box, send us the \$1. received and we will send you a handsome Watch-Chain and Charm, also Gold Plated Venetian Diamond Ring. Greatest offer ever, selling over \$1.00 worth of goods for 75c. GOLDEN REMEDY CO., Dept. 15, Newark, N. J.

## A Gold Lined Silver Dish FREE!

To introduce our famous little Giant Oxien Pills, giving all the chance to derive the wonderful benefits from these new life-giving wonders, we send two boxes absolutely free, all charges paid. You sell the Pills for 25c. per box, send us the money within 20 days, 50c. in all, and we give you as a premium this wonderful Gold Lined Silver Dish free. These dishes are warranted quadruple plated silver; they are fluted top and beautiful and useful ornaments; they are suitable for dining table use, or used as side dish for bon bons they are elegant and will last for years. Send your name and address at once so your friends can derive the great benefits coming from the use of Oxien Pills and you get the profits as the dish can be sold in a minute for 75c. These Pills are noted for their quick action on Liver, Stomach, Heart, Bowels, and special organs of either sex. All ills vanish as if by magic if you use these Pills. Send quick so as to be sure of a dish before they all go, and get full particulars of our great money-making agency proposition, where you get hundreds of dollars from a one dollar investment. Address,

THE GIANT OXIE PILL DEPT. M, Augusta, Maine.





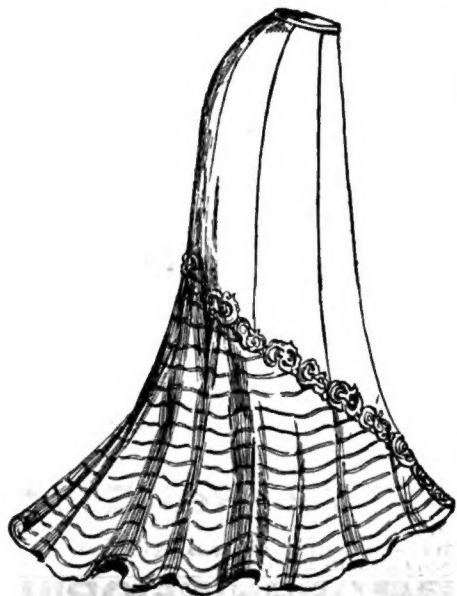
WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

**F**LARING effects in skirts are certainly to be in vogue this season, and this flare is only to be obtained in two ways, either with a flounce or with curved seams. The natural grace of a flounced skirt makes it preferred to any other, by most women, and this season the gownmaker is not content with the simple circular



flounce we all know so well, but cunningly inserts gussets to increase the flare, which it succeeds in doing, until the flounce is a succession of ripples beautiful to behold. Sometimes these gussets are hidden by tiny ruching or flat trimmings of ribbon or braid, especially when the material makes it likely to show the seams. The stitched skirt is one of the newest and smartest models for silk or light weight wools which lend easily to the small corded tucks in the flounce. The nine gored skirt is a novelty and is popular too, inasmuch as the flare is so easily obtained by means of its many seams. Each seam is deeply laid, and left unfastened a certain distance from the foot, usually lengthening toward the back, producing the effect of a high flounce at the back.

All skirts, no matter how they are cut, or



how they may terminate at the foot, are fitted tight as possible over the hips and down to the flounce, or to within an equal distance of the foot.

Skirts of black silk to be worn with dainty bodices of any color, are made up in all sorts of elaborate styles, among which I noted one of black Louisiane having open-worked bands threaded with black velvet ribbon. Another of taffeta is trimmed with velvet ribbon in strap and lattice effect. Still another of taffeta, has tucks, clusters of shining, black velvet ribbon, and panels of plaited mousseline de soie.

Ties, collars, and belts are important items of the tailor suits, and good ones are expensive; as a great variety is not necessary, however, it is wiser to get the best. Gloves and hats make or mar a suit. A handsome, stylish hat is a necessary adjunct to any toilette if one wishes it to be a success. Too fanciful a hat is not good form with a tailor gown. Rather heavy, well-cut gloves, can be bought for one



dollar, if one looks out for bargains, and are the correct thing to wear with the strictly tailor-made gown.

The shirt-waist, with the tie and belt, is an

# THE ROAD TO HEALTH

TEST IT FREE

A  
POSITIVE  
CURE  
FOR

Rheumatism,  
Neuralgia,  
La Grippe,  
Lumbago,  
Sciatica,  
Catarrh,  
Asthma,  
Bronchitis,  
Malaria,  
Indigestion,  
Dyspepsia,  
Liver Complaints,  
Kidney Troubles,  
Nervousness,  
Heart Weakness,  
Headache,  
Earache,  
Toothache,  
Backache,  
and all  
Blood Diseases.

NEVER FAILS TO INSTANTLY  
RELIEVE AND PERMANENTLY CURE  
RHEUMATISM  
THE BEST  
HOME REMEDY.

## SWANSON'S "5-DROPS" FREE

**THE BEST HOUSEHOLD REMEDY IN THE WORLD.**

Cut out the coupon in this advertisement and send direct to Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., with your name and address, and a bottle of "5-DROPS" will be mailed to you at once, free of charge, postage paid. All that we ask you in return is that you take it as directed. You need not feel under any obligations whatever in securing the trial treatment which we offer. Here is an opportunity to test a remedy without any expense to you. Certainly nothing can be fairer than this.

STOPS NEURALGIC PAINS INSTANTLY.

Neuralgia is caused by the blood being impure, resulting in the impairment of the nervous system. The lack of nerve force brings a contraction of the nerve centers which is certain to cause the most intense pain. Unless the blood is at once purified and the system placed in a healthy condition it invariably terminates in a complete break-down of the whole nervous system and often means years of terrible suffering. "5-DROPS" will give quick relief and effect a permanent cure of this dreadful malady. It cleanses the blood, starts perfect circulation, stops the pain, and in a remarkably short time restores the nerves to a normal condition. No other remedy in the world will revitalize the nerve centers or give such instant relief to the sufferer.

A SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

If never fails to cure Rheumatism in any of its forms or stages of development. It makes no difference whether you are suffering from Inflammatory, Nervous, Muscular or Articular Rheumatism. "5-DROPS" if used as directed will give instant relief and effect a permanent cure.

C. JOSEPH, Zanesville, Ohio, writes: "I sent for a large bottle of '5-DROPS' and I must say it was the best investment I ever made. I and my wife both took of it and the bottle is not all gone yet. We both feel that we are cured of our Rheumatism, and I have told my neighbors and friends what it has done for me and my wife. I have taken quite a number of Rheumatic cures with little or no benefit, but I will say your '5-DROPS' is all to me that you claim it to be. I am nearly 68 years of age, and suffered with Rheumatism for 35 years, and I feel there is no need of anyone suffering with Rheumatism when your cure can be obtained at such reasonable rates as you offer it."

T. D. TRUSTY, Ft. Dodge, Iowa, writes: "I had Sciatica for over 30 years, and could get no relief. I would be laid up for a month or six weeks at a time. For six months I went on crutches. I began taking your '5-DROPS' and since then have not had another attack. I am now 75 years old and can walk better now than I did 30 years ago, for at that time the pain had drawn my hips out of shape."

"5-DROPS" CURES COLDS, COUGHS AND GRIP.

It cures La Grippe by destroying at once the germs which cause the disease. No other remedy acts so quickly and effectively or gives such instant relief to the sufferer. When "5-DROPS" is used disease cannot long exist. It builds up the system, fortifying it against the after consequences of this terrible malady. It stops a cough instantly and will cure a cold quicker than any other remedy ever discovered.

IT CURES ALL LIVER AND KIDNEY TROUBLES.

"5-DROPS" co-operates with the stomach actions, and a healthy digestion is therefore certain. It restores the liver to a normal condition more quickly than any other known remedy. It cleanses the kidneys removing from the blood the impure matter produced in it through improper action of the kidneys. It never fails to remove the poisons which are invariably the cause of the disease.

A bottle of "5-DROPS" should be in every home! It saves both money and suffering. It will save doctors' bills and prevent sickness. You cannot afford to be without it. It has cured thousands of people who have been given up by physicians as beyond help; many were treated by so-called specialists and pronounced by them incurable.

TEST SWANSON'S "5-DROPS" ABSOLUTELY FREE

So certain are we of the marvelous curative powers of "5-DROPS" that we have decided to send a trial bottle of this wonderful remedy, free of charge to any reader of this paper, in order that it may be given a test without any expense to them whatever. It has never failed to do all and more than we claim for it, and we know that if you but give it a trial you will acknowledge that "5-DROPS" is the medical wonder of the century.

DON'T BE MISLED.

Accept no substitute for "5-DROPS." Nothing else can do its work. It contains no opiates in any form. It is perfectly harmless, and can be taken by a child as well as an adult. Large Size Bottle (300 doses) for \$1.00. If it is not obtainable in your town order from us direct and we will send it prepaid. AGENTS WANTED. Write for terms.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO.

NOTICE.—SWANSON'S "5-DROPS" IS A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY THAT EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE, AND WE ADVISE OUR READERS TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE LIBERAL OFFER MADE BY SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., AND SECURE A TRIAL BOTTLE FREE OF CHARGE. CUT OUT THE COUPON AND WRITE THEM AT ONCE.

COUPON

No. 11000

Cut this out and send it with your name and address to Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., Chicago, and you will be sent a bottle of "5-DROPS" free, postpaid.

(TRADE MARK)

important part of the tailor suit and, like it, must be up-to-date, both in color and cut, and, above all, must be correctly put on. The clever woman always ransacks the bargain counters for last year's goods, which if finely made and of good material, are often perfectly up-to-date and can be had for half their value. Shirt waists can be made at home so easily, and so much cheaper than they can be had at however great a bargain, one can possess a dozen for the same money one would expend for two or three good ones in a smart shop.

In selecting material never buy a pronounced style for your waist will soon be out of date. Anything conspicuous is soon out of date and so to be avoided.

Exquisite shirt-waists for house wear are made of pongee, on which is applied the silk embroidery cut from India linen scarfs. The embroidery is in beautiful solid forms, and can be transferred without great difficulty. It may be put on in various ways to simulate a bolero, in yoke form, or across the front, where the slight fullness is gathered into the yoke. Strips of the lovely needlework are used to make the collar and to trim the sleeves. Sometimes the entire sleeves are made of strips of needlework herring-boned together with silk of the same color or with the color prevailing in the embroidery, making an elaborate piece of work. Sometimes the material falls straight to the wrist, where the fullness is laid in little plaits an inch and a half or two inches long, and are silk feather-stitched flat before they enter the cuff.



**A**BREEDER of Belgian hares gives some interesting facts in regard to them. When the young are born they are entirely furless, and in order to provide them with a warm covering, the mother pulls from her own body, which she mixes with hay and covers her young with a thick layer. Gradually, as the young become covered with fur she removes the artificial covering a little at a time until the young hares are fully clothed in their own warm little jackets, and are able to care for themselves.

### Our Great Serial Frontier Detective Story.

**T**HE story of "Ned Todd, the Oklahoma Detective," the opening chapters of which are published in this issue of COMFORT, is an intensely interesting narrative of scenes and incidents which came under the author's observation long before the territory was opened to settlement.

The Oklahoma region has been known to white men since 1662 when the Spanish explorer, Don Diego Dionisio de Penabosa, passed through it on his way to the north. He reported "pleasing, peaceful and most pleasant fields," with trees and rivers, fruits and flowers. The name is Indian, and means "beautiful land." Prior to 1889, when it was opened to settlement, it was the central portion of the Indian Territory. The Cherokees, Iowas, Kickapoos, Pottawatomies, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Creeks and Seminoles, the aborigines of that part of the United States, were the inhabitants. The Indian Territory had been set apart by the federal government as permanent reservation for peaceful Indians. Colorado and Kansas is on the north; Missouri and Arkansas on the east; and Texas on the south and west. There were more than 40,000,000 acres in the territory. Then when the Oklahoma region was taken away from the Indians and opened to settlement, there was trouble. This alleged encroachment upon the treaty rights of the red men was resented by them and wars ensued.

The accomplished author of "Ned Todd," in graphic and vigorous language, tells how the land was first settled, and how the Indians, led by unscrupulous white men, sought to avenge the apparent injustices which they thought had been heaped upon them.

During the past year portions of Indian Territory were opened to settlement by the Government allotment of lots by chance, and the scenes that were enacted in the years gone by, when Oklahoma was the objective point of settlers from east to west, north and south, were again presented in a much more exciting manner. Because of the exciting events that have transpired in Oklahoma and Indian Territory,

events that have attracted the attention of the whole country, the story of "Ned Todd" is presented to our readers in the hope that instruction and entertainment may be derived from the perusal.

### Bears.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

no museum in the world has been able to obtain a satisfactory skin and skull. With all the achievements of recent years in photographing animals in their native haunts no man has ever been able to obtain a "snapshot" of one.

Prior to the discoveries lately made all the bears on the American continent were classed in three general groups, embracing the black bears, grizzlies and Polar bears. Dr. Herriam, as a result of the study of over thirty-five skulls of the huge bears of the Alaska coast region, has come to the conclusion that four strongly marked species must be added to our fauna. In view of these discoveries the authorities on the subject have decided it is necessary to rearrange the American bears into five well-marked groups of types. These groups comprise the Polar bears, the black bears, grizzlies, the Sitka bear and the Kadiak or Alaska Peninsula bears. All of these Alaska bears so exceed in size any other similar animals that they are arousing tremendous interest in the scientific world.

The greatest interest centres in the Kadiak bear. This king of animal life in the north-land is not only the largest living bear, but differs markedly from all other American species. It closely resembles the great brown bear of Kamschatka, but exceeds it in size. It is known that these bears subsist largely on berries which grow in abundance on Kadiak Island and on the fish which they can claw out of the shallow streams literally overcrowded with finny inhabitants.

The natives of Alaska are deathly afraid of the heavy, lumbering brutes, and from all accounts they are about the most undesirable acquaintances. Some of the Kadiak bears weigh fully sixteen hundred pounds each and one hide recently brought from Alaska measures between eight and nine feet in length. Not exactly the bear you would like to have for a pet.